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"WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS."—[From a Painting by T. Walter Wilson.]

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains, among other features of interest, a Map showing the recent territorial changes in Turkey, and a picture of the Farmers' Weather Indicator.*

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"HEAVENLY HARMONY."

THE meeting at Saratoga of some New York friends of the Administration was followed by another of the leading friends of Mr. CONKLING. At this last a manly letter from Mr. MORGAN was read, in which he said that the Administration ought to be approved because it deserves to be. This sentiment was received in expressive silence. A letter from Mr. CONKLING was also read, in which he said that no personal claim or consideration should even seem to enter into the conference. This letter was received with immense applause. The conference, perhaps, thought that parties are to be carried on independently of persons. It is, however, by the policy and spirit of representative persons that parties are judged. Moreover, if ever a personal political assembly met at Saratoga, it was this very one, at which the Vice-Chancellor of the University declared that if he had the power he would make Mr. CONKLING President—a sentiment which was vociferously cheered by his associates, whose chief interest in the election of the autumn is the return of Mr. CONKLING to the Senate.

At both meetings so much was said of harmony and the imperative necessity of avoiding discord that observers in other States might be led to suspect that the party in New York is not entirely harmonious. So much protesting naturally attracts attention. Judge JAMES by letter strongly opposed calling a Convention, lest there should be an explosion of some kind. Indeed, the general tone of the conversation indicated a very combustible situation. Seriously, however, every one who is sincerely interested in Republican success desires harmony in the Convention and at the polls. But sensible men desire real harmony, and not the pretense of it, which deceives neither friend nor foe. There are those who seem to suppose that if all the delegates to a Convention refrain from discussion and vote one way, there is entire harmony, and that the party will vote with the same unanimity at the polls. This, however, is an error which it is foolish to make the basis of party action, simply because it is notorious that the sentiment of a Convention may seriously misrepresent that of the party voters. It is, perhaps, not difficult to persuade five hundred men in a Convention to say nothing about the differences that divide five hundred thousand men in the State. But he who really wishes a harmony that will secure party victory will consider how to persuade the five hundred thousand to vote together. And how shall this much-desired harmony in the Convention be secured? In this State last year a simple proposition that the party should sustain its own Administration produced a most extraordinary explosion, and the proposition, which is a matter of course in a party Convention, was denounced as a fire-brand of the most destructive character. Yet there was a very respectable minority vote for it. It was then a disturbance of harmony because it was a proposition repugnant to the majority. But how could the opinion of the majority be ascertained until the motion was put to the vote? Is it really maintained by any honest New York Republican that it was the duty of every delegate to assume that the Convention was hostile to the Administration, and therefore not to raise the question? It is said that the difference of opinion was notorious. So it was; but was that a reason for silence? Is no important question to be raised in a Convention upon which opinions are known to differ? On the contrary, no duty is more imperative than that of asking a Convention, which is to speak for the party, to declare plainly the party position upon all important questions, and there is nothing more important to the Republican party than its attitude toward its own Administration.

If the recipe for harmony in the coming Convention is silence upon all issues upon which Republicans are not agreed, the platform will be an edifying manifesto. Mr. CONKLING'S friends will be largely represented, but Mr. CONKLING'S organ says that the financial question must not be made a party issue, and Mr. CONKLING himself carefully held his peace during the financial debate in Congress. There is, however, a Republican sentiment which will be represented in the Convention, and which believes that patriotism and party expediency both demand the strongest declarations in favor of sound money. Here is an evident difference of opinion. Harmony, it appears, requires silence. If the sound men will say nothing, the unsound will agree to be silent. Again, the question of reform in the civil service is seen to be very important, if freedom of elections is to be preserved. But there is a radical difference of opinion both as to the scope and the measures of reform, and as to the conduct of the Administration upon the subject. By all means, therefore, let nothing be said, or there will be perilous collision and explosion. But, at least, all Republicans are agreed upon the maintenance of equal rights at the South? Certainly, at the South and at the North and every where in the country, but maintenance under the Constitution; and there are plenty of Republicans who are not agreed upon an innuendo that the Administration has betrayed those rights. If, therefore, harmony requires that nothing shall be said about topics upon which there are differences of opinion, the Convention will probably content itself with declaring that it sympathizes with suffering in every form and every where, hopes that our financial troubles may be soon relieved, desires that only truly good men may be appointed to office, and prays that the rain may continue to descend upon the just and the unjust. It would be very sad, however, if any body in or out of the Convention should suppose that harmony of that kind will help any good cause, or that the Republican party in New York is to be strengthened by the shuffling evasion or silence of its Convention upon questions in which the people are really interested.

YOUNG REPUBLICANS.

THE late meeting of the "Young Republicans" of Massachusetts was one of the significant political signs of the times. There were some eighty gentlemen from different parts of the State, who met for consultation and for organization, to promote through the Republican party certain admirable objects, which they set forth. They declared that the paramount issue of the time is honest administration, and they therefore proposed honest redemption of the public faith, honest money, honest efforts at national good understanding, the freedom of politics from office-holding control, and an independent, non-partisan civil service. The tone of the meeting was cheerful and courageous, and its declarations frank and positive. In regard to the conduct of the Administration, it said that while it acknowledged and regretted unwise and indefensible appointments made by the President, it gladly recognized the decided advance which has been made in the right direction during his term of office.

This is but fair. It may be granted freely that the action of the Administration has been often inexplicable and inconsistent with sound principles of reform. But, on the other hand, very much has been intentionally done in strict accordance with such principles. With all exceptions made, there is no doubt that under this Administration there is greater confidence of promotion for good service, greater independence in regard to paying political assessments, greater hesitation in undertaking political management, and a general breaking up of Congressional dictation of appointments. All this is unquestionable. And while it is not a reformed service, it is certainly a decided advance in the right direction. Thorough reform of system is to be achieved only by a public opinion which will seriously demand legislation upon the subject. As the old practice of Executive reliance upon Congressional dictation is abandoned, a method free of personal influence must be introduced. That this is practicable the experience of England shows. The only serious objection made to it is that examiners could be relied upon no more than Representatives. The reply is twofold: first, that the Congressional dictation destroys the well-founded distinction of the Constitution between the executive and the legislative departments; and, second, that the Representative has a direct selfish interest in the matter, which the examiner can not have.

This suggests, also, the reply to the sneer that reform proposes a literary examination which has no reference to the duty required, and which men especially competent for the duty might be unable to pass. It is constantly said that nothing more is needed in most of the offices than good common-sense and honesty, which no examination can determine. That is perfectly true, and it is not proposed to determine it by literary examination. The object is to get into the service men of common-sense, intelligence, and honesty, who shall owe their places to those qualities, and not to the favor of other persons. The first step, therefore, is a trial of general intelligence among all applicants; the second is finding by actual trial in the duties of the place who among the most generally intelligent has the necessary tact and particular faculty to do the duty best. This is a method which makes Smith owe his place not to Jones, nor to a literary examination, but to his proved ability to do the work. The literary examination, however, has the undeniable and extraordinary merit of "shunting" the Honorable Jones, M.C., upon a side track. This is the objective point of reform in the method of appointments to the minor places in the service; and those who unweariedly repeat that all the civil service reform needed is putting good men into the offices may thus be enabled to see that it is not only necessary to have a good Smith in office, but a good Smith who is not the appointee and retainer and runner of some Honorable Jones or Robinson, M.C. This is a point which the Administration has brought into prominence, and it is part of the advance which the Young Republicans of Massachusetts properly recognize. Let young Republicans every where rally to this reform, and not be troubled by the stale sneer that it is impracticable. While Dr. LARDNER was proving that a railroad train could not go safely through a tunnel, it went through.

PARTY DISCIPLINE.

WE mentioned last week the attempt in England to introduce the despotism of the caucus. Mr. GLADSTONE has reminded his friends that organization is indispensable, and Lord BEACONSFIELD, in replying to a deputation, spoke very strongly of the necessity of party discipline. But an American, evidently a Western man, writes to the *Times* a warm protest against foisting this "hideous tyrant" the caucus into English politics. The debate has been quickened by an attempt to "discipline" Mr. W. E. FORSTER, one of the Liberal leaders in Parliament, who, in a manly way, quietly declines to be disciplined. The facts are these: It is supposed that there may be a dissolution of Parliament, and Mr. ILLINGWORTH writes to Mr. FORSTER that he would gladly propose him to the Liberal Committee of Bradford as a candidate, provided that Mr. FORSTER would engage to abide by the decision of the committee, and withdraw if it should prefer another candidate. To this summons Mr. FORSTER politely replies that he is a sitting member, that no reason is alleged for unseating him, that he feels very sure of the support of a majority of his constituency, and that he has therefore no disposition to submit their preference to the judgment of a majority of the committee. The result will probably be another nomination by the committee, and the possible loss to the Liberal party of one of their ablest Parliamentary chiefs. The weakness of the committee's position is that they offer to nominate Mr. FORSTER if he will only agree, for the sake of the principle, to abide by a decision which in case of agreement they will not make. That is to say, the committee concede that he is in every way a fitting candidate, but that he shall not be nominated unless he agrees that they have the right to decide the question of fitness. Clearly Mr. FORSTER may say that as they virtually admit he has the approval of the constituency as well as their own, they ought to nominate him without requiring him to acknowledge their right to reject him if they choose.

This incident illustrates a tendency in our politics which ought to be carefully watched and restrained. Party spirit needs no cultivation. The tendency of party organization to set itself up as an end and not as a means is to be constantly resisted. Organization is necessary; but to avoid anarchy we must not plunge into tyranny. A small body of members of a party called a committee or a caucus may easily misrepresent the real wishes of the party or its wisest counsels. The rule of the majority is a rough and ready device for the solution of difficulties, but it is always to be borne in mind that a majority, in a small body especially, may be as despotic and corrupt as a single person, and that duty to the party and to liberty may require as firm opposition to a majority as to a despot. A man belongs to a party not for the sake of the party, but of the country. He may consider certain measures of the party wrong and certain leaders unfit. But he will neither sustain the one nor approve the other merely because they command a majority of the party voices. Believing upon the whole that the party well directed is a better agency than any other known to him, he will oppose and defeat it upon such points, if he can, with the purpose of making it more efficient and successful than ever. In order to maintain the party ascendency, he certainly will not help to make the party responsible for acts that ought to destroy public confidence in it. If his opposition defeats the party, they are responsible who compelled the opposition. To ask him whether he sets himself up against the majority is to invite the reply that a minority always leads the way. To require him to yield to the decision of a caucus or a committee upon subjects which he believes to be vital, is to require him to yield his manhood and independence. It is to ask him to prefer the machine to its purpose, the body to the soul.

The point at which a man will consider his party to be an agency hopeless for the purposes for which he belongs to it can be decided only by each individual, because it will depend not only upon acuteness and temperament, but upon many considerations. Nothing, however, tends so surely to party demoralization and loss of power as the doctrine of absolute party allegiance and docile acquiescence in "regular" party action. The demand upon Mr. FORSTER formally to put on a yoke as the condition of renomination was simply stupid. It illustrates the very danger of the yoke. The sole consideration of the committee should have been whether Mr. FORSTER was an honorable and satisfactory and popular representative of the best sentiment of the party. It was evidently less mindful of the great patriotic objects of the party than of its own power. And this is the dangerous tendency of all party organization. It is a valuable servant, but an intolerable master. Those who defy majorities teach majorities to be reasonable. Mr. FORSTER is a party man of the type of Mr. COBDEN, and such men are very much more valuable to parties than those who are proud to say that they have never voted any other than the party ticket, and would gladly "vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated."

A REFORMER.

GENERAL BUTLER, in offering himself as a candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts, wisely remarks that he does so wholly upon State and not upon national issues. He knows very well that the sentiment of Massachusetts is perfectly sound upon the financial question, and that there is no other State which has so boldly and plainly demanded that reform in the civil service which the General so heartily despises. He appeals, therefore, for support upon the ground of his promises for economical reform. The particular points are not matters of much interest beyond the State, as they are mainly local questions, and even if he were elected Governor, it is not likely that a BUTLER Legislature and Council would be chosen with him. The points of interest in his candidature, for observers out of the State, are its effect upon the old parties, and the General in the character of a reformer.

The Boston *Post*, the chief Democratic journal in New England, warmly opposes him and all his works and words. The Democratic Committee, in calling the State Convention, showed no sympathy with him or his designs. But some of the active party leaders are known to favor him, and it is understood that much the larger part of his vote will be drawn from the Democratic party. The Republican sentiment is generally hostile to him, although he has a certain personal following. His Democratic support is especially significant, because he has been the most despised and abused of Republicans—after he joined the party—and Democratic feeling was the more bitter because he was held to be a renegade. The old Republicans in Massachusetts never trusted him. ANDREW and SUMNER and WILSON and Judge and Senator HOAR did not hesitate to oppose him, and probably there was never any confidence in his Republican sincerity of conviction. There is a great deal of real political principle and a high sense of public virtue and service in Massachusetts which it is the fashion to laugh at as "blue blood." But Massachusetts speaks for herself as in WEBSTER'S day. The General was never really at home among the Republicans. He was an industrious worker, and had faithful satellites, and secured his nomination and election to Congress. But he represented General BUTLER, not Massachusetts. He was dreadfully snubbed in the Conventions when he tried to be nominated as Governor. He yielded cheerfully, however, so as not to disturb his party relations, as leaving the party was out of the question, until a situation should

arise which would present a chance of "smashing things."

That time, in General BUTLER's judgment, has now arrived. It is evident to him that he could not be re-elected to Congress as a Republican, for he flouts every thing that Republicans believe, and he did not even raise his voice during the last session, so far as we remember, upon what he declared when he was elected to be the great issue. In fact, he saw that he had come to the end of his career as a Republican as well as a Democrat, and nothing remained but private life or a bold stroke as—a reformer of the abuses of both parties. He began his career as a reformer by calling upon KEARNEY—an incident which showed his estimate of reform. It was a bid for the most ignorant vote in the State as the basis of reform. He then sent out agents into every part of the State with copies of an invitation to himself to stand for the Governorship. In due time he announced that fifty thousand voters had asked him to "relieve the people's burdens" by permitting himself to be chosen Governor, and he proceeded to mention in detail the burdens that he would relieve. But what "people's burden" in Massachusetts could be comparable to that of General BUTLER in the seat of JOHN A. ANDREW? The basis of political reform is not unscrupulous will; it is moral principle, wise judgment, sound views. It is not, indeed, necessary that all agents of reform should be angels made for the occasion, but it is necessary that the character and careers of reformers should be such that their "reform" may not justly be suspected of being merely a change for the worse. General BUTLER may attack abuses, if they exist, in the Mashpee Commission and the Danvers Hospital and the Troy and Greenfield Railroad, of which outsiders know nothing. But is there any thing in his public career to justify a reasonable doubt that he is merely an adroit politician seeking his own advantage? And whatever the abuses he denounces and the promises he makes, does any body seriously believe that the election of such a personage is the guarantee of reform? If, indeed, the abuses which he details actually exist, it is the duty of the Republican party, under which they have grown up, to nominate such candidates and take such steps as will prove a purpose to correct them. But however hungry Massachusetts may be, she should be very wary of burning down her house merely to roast her pig.

A SOUTHERN DUTY.

THERE has been a great deal of sincere sympathy among the most intelligent citizens of the Northern States with the condition in which many Southerners were left by the war. It is a sympathy which does not refer to the merits or the causes of the contest, but is none the less genuine. The unhappy situation in many parts of the Southern States has been made still more difficult by the apparent reversal of a rational order of society, and the apathy of humane and intelligent Southerners toward certain crimes and criminals has hardly seemed astonishing. But, for all that, this indifference has been one of the strongest arguments for distrust of that part of the country. When poor and defenseless colored families were hunted and harried, when blameless colored men were taken from their beds at night by masked scoundrels and scourged and tormented, when peaceful colored people were shot down in sheer wantonness, and the public opinion of the neighborhood was apparently unmoved, and the best citizens took no steps to punish or prevent the crimes, and the local authorities, with seeming sullenness, left all efforts of redress to the national courts and officers, it can not be surprising, certainly, to reasonable Southerners that Northern public opinion and humanity itself were indignant, and half believed that slavery and the war had completely barbarized that part of the Union.

This distrust, under the circumstances, was natural, but unfortunately it was reciprocal. To those whe sat imbittered amid the total wreck of the Confederacy the attitude of the North, occasioned by the Ku-Klux enormities and the previous black codes, seemed remorseless, cruel, and unnatural. The local governments under Northern influences did not win, but repelled, the support of more intelligent Southerners. Southern politics became a movement to overthrow the Republican party, which was truly the party of "the North," and gradually the control of the Southern States was recovered by the old political interest which controlled them before the war. During all this time the strong popular Republican argument was distrust of the Southern treatment of the negro. It was not fear of "rebel claims" nor of renewed rebellion, but it was suspicion of injury to the new colored citizen. This was an appeal that every body could understand and feel, and it has been generally successful.

It must be evident, therefore, to intelligent and patriotic Southerners who, without further argument as to the past, sincerely desire a good common understanding with the same class in other parts of the Union, that their first duty is to remove this distrust by showing that it has little reason. This can be done in very obvious ways. When wanton crimes against colored men because they are Republicans are diligently pursued and punished by the local authorities, stimulated by local opinion, it will be believed that they are not willingly winked at. But such belief is impossible so long as such paragraphs as the following represent local opinion. An "up-country" paper in South Carolina, speaking of the organization of colored Republican clubs, says:

"As for *us*, we say this: People of Edgefield, watch this thing narrowly, ceaselessly, jealously, and if you discover any ring, or any fellow, trying to work this game, *seize them and hang them*. Do not be satisfied with abusing and ostracising them, *but seize them and hang them!* In Edgefield let us have no more of the negro in politics."

The same paper also names two Republicans, and adds:

"If those named, and others, ever care to inaugurate political schemes in Edgefield again, let us hang them. Not only our own self-respect but our safety demands it, and that without masks or disguise."

There are other Democratic papers in the State which say the same things. While they are unrebuked in the most stringent tone by the press and public opinion, the State is justly regarded as semi-barbarous, and no sensible white man in it can wonder that Northern indignation can be readily and rightfully aroused against it. Such expressions, if not at once challenged on the spot, can be easily and reasonably represented as showing the general Southern sentiment. And for the suspicion, the jealousy, and the sectional hostility which inevitably ensue, not "Northerners" but "Southerners" are responsible who do not sternly repress such savagery, and rigorously punish the crimes that spring from it.

THEODORE THOMAS.

THE departure of THEODORE THOMAS from New York is justly felt to be a public misfortune. The tributes which have been paid to him by the press show how strong a hold his great and admirable services have given him upon the regard of this community. But Cincinnati has fairly won him. She offers him the opportunity of concentrating his ability and his resources upon a distinct system of musical education. New York was very glad to hear his orchestra at the Central Park or Gilmore's Garden, or his Philharmonic Concerts at Steinway Hall or the Academy, and there was a great deal of talk about a "Conservatory" or a musical college, and even elaborate designs of a building and garden were published. But Cincinnati did more than talk. There is a certain solidity in that city which has been often remarked. While New York entertained projects and published designs, Cincinnati founded a school, and, having given the noblest musical festival in our history, under the conduct of Mr. THOMAS, she asked him to come and take charge of her Musical College, and he goes.

Thus the musical sceptre passes from New York. It has, indeed, been long contested. Boston has always asserted claims to a higher musical taste and culture, and it is unquestionably to Boston that we owe the development and cultivation of knowledge of the great composers. But the more cosmopolitan character of New York and its larger resources have gradually gathered here the finest orchestras, and the concerts of the last years, under THOMAS and some others, have been worthy of the Conservatoire, the Gewandhaus, and the Sing Akademie. Nevertheless, neither Boston nor Cincinnati has acknowledged the musical supremacy of New York. And now the establishment of the Musical College in Cincinnati and the removal of THOMAS press New York very hard. The advantage of the smaller cities in the matter is that a more positive and united public opinion is possible in them than in the great, miscellaneous, cosmopolitan metropolis. That peculiar local pride which is the growth of the tradition of a homogeneous race and community is wanting in New York. Few New Yorkers have the same kind of feeling for their city which inspires a Bostonian, or a Cincinnatian, or a Charlestonian.

Indeed, local pride, in its larger sense, also, has always been wanting in the whole State of New York, and one of the excellent services of ex-Governor SEYMOUR is his unremitting endeavor to kindle that feeling in regard to the great events of the State. He has been the chief figure at the local centennial celebrations of Revolutionary events in New York, and his contributions to local history are very valuable. It is curious to think how few of the crowd that would gather in the Central Park at the unveiling of a statue to ALEXANDER HAMILTON would have any knowledge, still less any pride of knowledge, of the man. The career of Mr. THOMAS illustrates the same want of a common pride and feeling. There is no other great capital in the world which would consent to lose such a man under such circumstances, and the only consolation of New York, as she wishes him god-speed, must be her knowledge that "the divine art" will not suffer by his departure.

PERSONAL.

IT is seldom that the retirement from active business of any individual in New York, where there are so many opulent bankers and merchants, has been noticed with words so kindly and appreciative as in the case of Mr. SAMUEL D. BABCOCK, who for forty years has been honorably identified with our foreign and domestic commerce. Whether as merchant or banker, as president of the Chamber of Commerce, or as a director in many of our largest financial institutions where his opinions and suggestions were a power, he has always occupied a conspicuous position, and his whole career has been one to which his friends and himself can point with honest satisfaction. He withdraws from active participation in business at a time when, with full health and in the prime of mental vigor, he might fairly aspire to honors which would readily be conferred upon him by those who know and appreciate the purity of his character and his aptitude for affairs.

—When a Speaker of the House of Commons retires he receives a pension of $20,000 a year, with remainder to his eldest son, at whose death it terminates. There is only one ex-Speaker—Viscount EVERSLEY—who has such a pension, and he has no son. His successor, Mr. DENISON, created Viscount OSSINGTON, refused a pension. He died childless.

—Mr. CARLYLE has been making his usual summer visit to Scotland. He is now nearly eighty-four. His pleasant but simple home is presided over by his niece, Miss AIKEN, an amiable lady of middle age. Twice a day he walks abroad among the quaint and narrow streets of Chelsea, one of the oldest and most interesting parts of London. He smoketh much tobacco, and ruminateth.

—Major FULTON, of the National Rifl Association committee appointed to select the American Rifle Team of 1878, has his returns complete. Each contestant took part in four competitions of two days each, shooting fifteen shots at 800, 900, and 1000 yards. The first six men were selected by adding together the best three scores of each competitor, and the six thus chosen selected two men to complete the team. The following are the names of the successful competitors, with their scores:

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.
W. H. JACKSON.	214, 216	214, 206	200, 210—1260
R. RATHBONE...	206, 214	205, 209	213, 210—1257
C. E. DWIGHT...	208, 206	209, 218	197, 198—1236
J. S. SUMNER...	212, 209	209, 196	199, 204—1229
J. F. BROWN....	211, 211	201, 203	205, 198—1229
H. F. CLARKE...	203, 200	206, 200	211, 207—1227
W. GERRISH....	179, 202	218, 196	200, 206—1201
H. T. ROCKWELL	177, 193	206, 211	200, 195—1182

Messrs. JACKSON, SUMNER, BROWN, GERRISH, and ROCKWELL are all from Boston. Mr. RATHBONE is already well known at Creedmoor. H. F. CLARKE is the lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment, of Poughkeepsie; and Professor DWIGHT is the West Virginian whose wonderful scores of 218 and 219 have excited so much admiration among riflemen.

—It is understood that Cardinal NINA, the new pontifical Secretary of State, only consented to accept the office on condition that important reforms are carried out in the Curia, and that there shall be a general change of nuncios. The new Secretary has addressed a circular to the papal nuncios abroad, announcing that he will follow the policy of his predecessor Cardinal FRANCHI, and recommending the nuncios to act with prudence, in order not to create unnecessary embarrassments for the Holy See. He has also, it is stated, informed the governments of London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Berne of his desire to continue the negotiations already opened, and has given assurances on his part of the most sincere good-will and readiness to come to an understanding.

—Lord BEACONSFIELD will preside at the ceremonies on the occasion of the placing of Cleopatra's Needle on its pedestal. He will also visit Ireland during the recess of Parliament.

—Mr. Secretary EVARTS thus pleasantly narrates how he became one of the great planters of Vermont: "This is the accretion of years. I waited my opportunity, and then bought at fair rates when the properties were for sale. I had made my plans, and worked up to them. Before I bought these grounds they were divided up by partition fences, hedges, and shrubbery, in more or less dilapidation and neglect, and on that sightly stretch of lawn stood a Baptist church. To purchase a church required considerable tact and perseverance, as it is a difficult matter, when you come to buy, to determine precisely where the authority to sell begins. But I convinced the people how unsuitable the location was, and finally effected the purchase of the entire structure, but, for fear of further opposition, threw in the bell. I wasted no time in getting the structure down. The beautiful edifice erected on a more eligible site has since convinced the church people of the propriety of their act, and I put the finishing stroke to my private grounds."

—Lord BEACONSFIELD has always had a fondness for surprises. "One of the most intelligent Jews I ever met with," says EDMUND YATES, "said to me the other day, 'He has yet a great surprise in store for you, and it will be the greatest act of his life. He will die a Jew, and be buried beside his father in the grave-yard of the Jews at Mile-End. He was baptized by a trick of the poet ROGERS, and no Jew is ever sincere in renouncing the religion of his race. He will die a Jew, I tell you.' There is something to be said in favor of this view; but I believe that the greatest charm of Christianity in the eyes of Lord BEACONSFIELD, and its firm hold over him, is contained in the fact which he has himself pointed out in the celebrated twenty-fourth chapter of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK's biography—that one-half of the civilized world worships a Jew and the other a Jewess. A man so strongly impressed with such a view as Lord BEACONSFIELD must no doubt feel that it feeds and flatters his pride of race quite enough to keep him true to the religion of his knighthood, and to make him content with burial beside his wife instead of beside his father."

—Sir AUSTEN LAYARD, the British ambassador at Constantinople, is thus sketched at his summer house, a few miles from the capital: "Near the door is a large writing-table covered with books of reference and papers of great import, and there sits the ambassador, busy on a long dispatch. He looks round as the door opens, and you see before you a man hale and vigorous, and giving in every lineament and action the impression of power, physical and intellectual. His abundant hair and large beard are gray, almost white, but somehow this does not give so much the appearance of age as of maturity. He is endowed by nature with one of those ample foreheads for which most eminent men have to thank the kindly artists who immortalize them on canvas, and his bushy hair being flung back from its wide circumference, the result is a certain leonine expression very appropriate for a British ambassador. He is under the medium height, but this is compensated for by broad shoulders and a well-knit frame, for which fatigue must have no terrors. Sir AUSTEN LAYARD has not acquired, and it may be safely predicted that he never will acquire, the conventional diplomatic manner. He evidently prides himself upon his downrightness and plain-speaking. He is blunt and often brusque in his way of speaking, but not even his enemies—and he has some—have ever imputed to him the far worse faults of insincerity or double-dealing—the stock imputations against ambassadors at the Porte. He is a great *causeur*, and discourses fluently in several languages. He knows Arabic well and Turkish fairly; French is as familiar to him as his mother-tongue. Spanish is of no account on the banks of the Bosporus; if it were, he could speak that too. He is very kindly and hospitable, and interests himself in the comfort and enjoyment of the travelling Briton who is properly commended to him. He is a great worker. From early morning until five o'clock he is either at his desk or in counsel with the Sultan, or with the newest Grand Vizier, or with one of the ambassadors of foreign powers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Arkansas State election was held on the 2d inst. The Democratic ticket had no opposition. William R. Miller was chosen Governor. The Vermont election, held on the 3d inst., was carried by the Republicans, their candidate for Governor (Proctor) having a majority of over 18,000, as far as heard from, on a lighter vote than that of 1876.

The yellow fever death list up to the 4th inst. is as follows: New Orleans, 1274; Memphis, 804; Vicksburg, 259; Grenada, Mississippi, 166; Port Gibson, 48; Greenville, Mississippi, 35; Holly Springs, Mississippi, 9; Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 11: total, 2606.

The Kansas Republican State Convention, meeting at Topeka on the 30th ult., nominated J. P. St. John for Governor and L. U. Humphreys for Lieutenant-Governor. The Kansas Democrats, at Leavenworth, on the 4th, nominated John R. Godin for Governor and George Ummethum for Lieutenant-Governor. The Tennessee Greenbackers met at Nashville on the same day, and nominated Judge E. H. East for Governor. The Minnesota Republican Convention met at St. Paul on the 4th inst., and renominated several State officers. The New Hampshire Nationals met at Manchester on the 5th inst., and nominated for Governor Warren G. Brown. The New York Republican State Committee has called a State Convention, to meet at Saratoga on the 26th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION: The whole of Herzegovina, from the Narenta River to the town of Ljubinje, has been subjugated. The petty chiefs are submitting, and 1000 insurgents at Trebigne have surrendered to the pasha. The total loss of the Austrians in killed and wounded during the occupation of Bosnia does not exceed 1500 men. It is officially announced that the Austrians occupied Nevesinje, in Herzegovina, on the 28th ult., without meeting with opposition, and formed a regular administration and disarmed the inhabitants. General Szapary announces from Doboj that he had an artillery engagement of several hours duration with the enemy on the 30th ult., and silenced four or five of their guns. He also had two hours' musketry firing the same evening. The loss of the Austrians was not ascertained. On the 4th, he sent two regiments southward, driving the insurgents from Lipac, on the Maglai road, after a seven hours' engagement. The Bosnians interned at Nicsics have revolted. A great number were killed and wounded by the Montenegrins before the revolt was suppressed. The Sultan, on the 27th ult., sent a telegraphic dispatch to the Czar, requesting him to give orders to check the outrages upon Mussulmans in Roumelia. The Czar replied, expressing sorrow at the anarchy which prevailed, but declaring it to be his belief that the reports were exaggerated, as the Russian generals had received strict orders to prevent and punish such acts.

The British Columbia Assembly, by a vote of 14 to 9, has passed an address to the Queen requesting her to direct that if the Canadian Dominion fails to carry the settlement of 1874 into effect by May next, British Columbia shall thenceforth have the right to collect her customs and excise duties, and to withdraw from the Union.

On the 1st inst. an edict went into effect abolishing the Free Zone, except as to Matamoras and New Laredo, and prohibiting commercial intercourse at other points. The people on the Mexican side are much exasperated, especially at Camargo and Mier, and have sent violent and threatening protests to the national government.

The Prussian supplementary elections are now all over, that of Count William Bismarck being the last. The total result is that the Ultramontanes have gained 6 seats, the Conservatives 40. The National Liberals have lost 29, the Progressists 13, and the Social Democrats 4. The latter have now eight members. The other parties have suffered no loss and made no gain.

The Hungarian town of Miskolcz was almost entirely destroyed by a storm on the night of the 30th ult. A thousand houses were demolished. Four hundred dead bodies have already been recovered, and two hundred persons are still missing. At Erlau, sixty-five miles from Pesth, the river Eger rose and broke through the walls of the town. Whole rows of houses were demolished by the flood, and many persons were drowned.

The excursion steamer *Princess Alice*, returning from Gravesend, on the Thames, to London, on the evening of the 3d inst., with about 700 passengers on board, was run down off Barking, a few miles below London, by a screw coal steamer, and almost instantly sunk. Fully 500 persons were drowned.—A cheap fast train on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, from Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Margate for London, was run into by a freight train, on the 31st ult., near Settingbourne Junction. Eight persons were killed and thirty injured.

A FISHERMAN'S HOME BY THE SEA.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 758.]

AMONG ALIENS.*

By MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

Author of "Veronica," "Anne Furness," "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

She had scarcely spoken the words when I heard Lucy's voice in the garden. I never knew whether the Princess Corleoni voluntarily shrank back at the sound, or whether I instinctively pushed her aside into a corner of the room not visible from the window; but she was out of sight by the time Lucy came up, and, standing on tiptoe—for the window was at a height of some five feet from the ground—brought her eyes above the level of the sill, and called to me. "Catherine dear, will four o'clock be too early for our start on Saturday? Here is Mr. Rutherford come back; I told him that you were warranted to get up fresh, calm, and in a good temper, at any hour of the day or night. But he won't be satisfied until he has your own word. Who's that in the studio with you?"

"The great bear, little white pigeon," said Signor Sandro, coming forward, and leaning his elbows on the window-sill so as to fill up nearly the whole space. "The great bear, very growly, and in a very surly mood; so run off before you are made one mouthful of."

"Don't let Catherine work herself to death, Signor Sandro. She has been here all the morning, ever since—oh, long before I was up. Mr. Rutherford wants to say a word to her about the excursion. Make her come. I can't entertain him all by myself."

"I will come, darling. I will come. Go up stairs. Ask Mr. Rutherford to wait for a minute. No, no; don't stay there in the garden. Go up to our sitting-room, Lucy. I will follow you."

She went away with her usual gentle docility. And then I turned to the Princess, and told her that I neither knew, nor had any means of knowing, where her son was, and that I was astounded at her supposing for an instant that I should know.

"You are determined to be revenged on me," said the Princess, with an agitated voice. "If you do not positively know where Vittorio is, you have some clew, some information. Think: it is a mother who is in anxiety about her only son. Then if you do not know, your sister can tell me something. Let me ask Lucia."

"Not for the world," said I. "I will not have her distressed. And I must go to her at once."

"If you are afraid of my saying any thing to her on religious subjects, I will promise not to do so;" and the Princess absolutely took hold of my gown to detain me with an imploring gesture. Signor Sandro came to my rescue. "Go, Caterina," said he. "I will remain with the Princess;" then turning to her, he continued: "Donna Olympia, I am in the place of a father to these young women. I know the whole story. What information there is to be given, I can give you better than Caterina. And if I can help you I will. You can trust me. Go, my daughter!"

He almost thrust me from the studio, and as soon as I was on the outside of the door I heard him lock it.

I joined Lucy and Mr. Rutherford in the sitting-room. They both said I looked tired, and they urged me to come out with them to the terraced walk among the olive-trees overlooking the Campagna, and steep myself in sunshine and laziness. "There's an old olive-tree that you promised you would sketch for me in black and white," said Lucy; "so if your conscience requires an excuse, take a pencil and paper with you, and draw my tree as you sit on the grass in the shade."

After a moment's reflection, I decided to do as they wished. It was better that I should keep Lucy safely out of Princess Corleoni's way. So we three set out to walk through the dirty and narrow streets of Tivoli toward the lovely terrace I have mentioned so often. Before quitting the house, I left word with S'ora Nanna to tell my master where we were gone. Preoccupied as I was with the Princess's visit, and her strange words and ways, I was yet not too much so to be able to enjoy the beauty of the day and of the scene. Donna Olympia had no hold on my feelings. I know not whether I am more hard-hearted than my neighbors; but I must own that I recognize in myself a large reserve fund of indifference to the opinions and sentiments entertained about me by persons whom I neither love nor esteem. Perhaps this was what the Princess had meant when she talked of the English being "made of stucco."

We rambled on slowly when once clear of the town, Mr. Rutherford and I adapting our pace to Lucy's, which was still rather languid, and all three stopping every now and then to gaze upon the landscape flecked with flying shadows, as the soft wind chased white fleecy clouds across the clear blue sky.

"Let us sit down here," said Lucy at length, selecting a sheltered spot, covered with spring grass and wild flowers. And, as she spoke, she spread her shawl on the ground, and seated herself. I objected that we were still somewhat far from the old olive-tree she had wished me to draw; but she declared she was tired, and would go no farther. "But you won't mind walking just those few yards, Catty dear," said she, in her coaxing way, "and just making that tiny sketch for me, will you? And Mr. Rutherford will walk with you to have a look at our favorite ravine. You haven't seen our ravine, Mr. Rutherford? Do go, please. And if you could bring me a few ferns—they grow in that moist place—it would be very kind."

I demurred a little at leaving her alone, but she urged it so strongly that at last I yielded, and pursued the path toward a wilder and more sequestered point which we called our ravine. I thought, as we walked, that Mr. Rutherford would probably not like being taken away from Lucy's side, to escort me and gather ferns. However, he complied with a very good grace.

"And what is the news in Rome, Mr. Rutherford?" said I, as we walked.

"Well," he answered, gravely, "I chanced to be witness to a very painful scene there. I believe you know one of the parties concerned."

"Indeed! I do not know many people in Rome!"

"I conclude that you know this man, because Signor Santi told me that Miss Lucy had given lessons in the family, and you also taught drawing there, I believe."

My heart made a great bound, and I could not help glancing round to be sure that Lucy was out of ear-shot. "Do you mean the Corleonis?" I asked.

"Yes; the man I speak of is the son—Don Vittorio, as they call him."

"Is he an acquaintance of yours?" I asked, wonderingly.

"No; but I have seen him several times at a club to which I was introduced by an Italian friend of mine, and I have heard a good deal about him. I hope you will not mind my saying that I believe him to be a thoroughly worthless scoundrel."

"I don't at all mind your saying so; but I am surprised that you—"

"That I should use such strong terms?"

"That you should know Don Vittorio so well."

He laughed his frank, hearty laugh. "How quaintly and quietly you say that!" he exclaimed.

"But I have a request to make to you, Mr. Rutherford, which is no laughing matter. I beg that you will not allude to this—to this family of Corleoni before my sister. I can not fully explain to you why, but the subject is a painful one to bear."

"I think I know why, and I have carefully refrained from mentioning the Corleonis before her," he answered. And then, in response to my look of surprise, he said, quickly, "I had heard something of the behavior of those people to you and your sister before I came to Tivoli."

I felt hurt and distressed for a moment, but I strove to conquer the feeling. Whatever Mr. Rutherford had been told, it was clear that it had not lessened his liking and respect for Lucy. So I made an effort to regain a frank and unconstrained manner, and asked him what was the painful scene he had witnessed in Rome. "I will tell you when we reach our destination," he said. "The path is so narrow here we can not walk abreast."

We went on in silence until we came to the ravine. It is a narrow gash in the mountain, through which a stream of water forces its way down to the plain. The sides of the ravine are clothed with dwarf oak, and a variety of shrubs and brush-wood; and at its mouth, where it suddenly widens out, it is spanned by a stone bridge. The spot is very picturesque: on the one hand, the upward-sloping hills scarred by this torrent; and on the other, the vast Campagna seen through a tracery of olive branches and silver-gray leaves. On the farther side of the bridge stood—and I hope still stands—a singularly fine old olive-tree, gnarled and hoary.

"Here is our tree," I said. "This will be about my point of view." And having arranged my plaid for a cushion and placed myself, I got out my paper and pencils and began to sketch. Mr. Rutherford came and leaned up against the bole of another tree close to me. He was a pace or so behind me, looking over my shoulder at the drawing, so that I did not see his face, when he said, "Before I tell you what happened yesterday, I want to say a word to you on another subject."

He paused a little, and then went on: "I want to be able to speak to you with full and free confidence. But as it is, I feel that I am in the position of a mere stranger, whose interference may seem impertinent."

As he here stopped again, and seemed to hesitate, I said, "I am sure you are incapable of impertinence in any case. And as to being a stranger, friendship is not always to be measured by time."

"And love still less! I want to have a better right than simple friendship, to take care of you and Lucy, and be trusted by you. Forgive me if I am too abrupt. Have I startled you? I thought you could not be quite unprepared for what I have so long been wishing to say."

"I'm afraid I am prepared for it," said I, sadly; for now that he had spoken, I felt more sorry and down-hearted to think of his inevitable disappointment than I could have imagined beforehand.

"*Afraid!* Why afraid? Don't say that, Catherine."

A sudden tremor and shyness so overcame me that I was unable to make him any answer. He

"MR. RUTHERFORD CAME AND LEANED UP AGAINST THE BOLE OF ANOTHER TREE CLOSE TO ME."

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had never called me by my name before; and perhaps it was that, or perhaps something in the tone of his voice, or perhaps— Briefly, I can not explain why, but I fell into a trembling silence.

"Don't say you are 'afraid' to hear what I want to tell you, Catherine."

"For your sake," I stammered, scarcely knowing what I said, "I am so sorry."

"Sorry that I think you the best, and truest, and dearest woman in the world? Sorry that I love you with all my heart, dear Catherine?"

"Me!"

I dropped my pencil, which rolled away in one direction, while a puff of wind carried my sketch in another, and I sprang to my feet with a feeling of dizzy bewilderment. Rutherford had left his post at the tree stem and come round to stand before me when he spoke. And he now caught my two hands in his and held me firmly.

"You, Catherine Wilson. Whom else should I love? And what did you imagine I was going to say to you, except that I do love you and honor you, and want you to be my wife?"

"I thought you loved Lucy," I cried, blurting out the truth in my surprise and agitation.

"So I do. But I want her to be my sister, not my wife. And—oh, Catherine, is that why you said you were 'afraid' and 'sorry'?"

"I—yes; I thought—I feared—"

"Then you don't dislike me—you don't reject me? Catherine Wilson, tell me true: can you give me a little love in return for so much—so much that I have given to you?"

"I don't know. I never thought of such a thing."

"Will you think of it now, Catherine?"

"I can't think. My mind is all in confusion. I feel as if I were dreaming, and striving to wake. It seems so very strange and surprising."

"I think it will surprise no one but you, dear."

"What will Lucy say, and Signor Sandro?"

The mention of Signor Sandro recalled to me all my master's plans and projects with regard to Rutherford, and I stopped short.

"As to Lucy, she is my best friend. And she found out long ago what seems so surprising to you. And do you know what she said to me only this morning when we were walking in the garden? She said that it would make her very happy to have me for a brother."

I sank down again on my plaid, and, covering my face with my hands, tried to collect my thoughts and regain some measure of composure.

"Won't you say a word to me, Catherine?" asked Rutherford.

I looked up, and, with as much firmness as I could command, begged him to leave me for a while to my own reflections. He complied at once, taking me simply at my word in a simple-minded, straightforward fashion, for which I was grateful.

"Well, Catherine," he said, "it shall not be said that I refused the first request you ever made to me. You bid me go, and I go. It might not answer with some women, but"—shaking his head and yet smiling a little—"you have a terrible way of meaning what you say. I'll go and gather Lucy's ferns for her."

And in a few seconds he had recrossed the bridge and disappeared into the ravine with the bold, sure step of a practiced climber.

When he was gone I sat for some time with my face buried in my hands, so as to shut out all external objects. I need not record the thoughts which passed through my mind, at first with unmanageable and confused rapidity, but finally with some reasonable sobriety and coherence. Whosoever has perused this simple narrative thus far will be at no loss to guess at the tenor of my meditations. I grew calm sooner than I had thought possible in the first shock of the great surprise I had had. For it was not merely the unexpected declaration of Mr. Rutherford's attachment to myself which had agitated me; it was the revulsion of feeling—the necessity in which I found myself of modifying and changing and re-arranging all my thoughts and views in connection with him.

However, as I have said, I regained my composure very shortly, or at least I so far regained it as to be able to think with some clearness, and to resolve on what I would say to Mr. Rutherford. Then I pushed my hair back from my forehead, and lifted my head, and looked up at the blessed daylight once more; and as I did so I found a pair of very fierce and handsome dark eyes gleaming at me out of a forest of tangled locks, surmounted by a shabby peaked hat.

"Don't be frightened, Signorina," said the voice belonging to the eyes, in the accents of a peasant of the Campagna. "This is yours, isn't it?"

At the same moment a young man, dressed in the costume of the mountaineers, called *ciociari* (of which costume sophisticated specimens may be seen, got up for pictorial effect, on the persons of the Roman models who haunt the Trinità de' Monti), handed to me my unfinished sketch of the olive-tree, which the wind had wafted away.

"Yes," said I. "Thank you."

"*Niente!*" said he—meaning that no thanks were needed. And then he seemed to be moving away in the direction of the ravine, but suddenly stopped and asked, with what seemed to me assumed carelessness, if I were going to remain there long.

"Until the English gentleman who is with me returns," I answered. And there was something so wild and savage in the look of the man, although his manner was perfectly inoffensive, that I was well pleased to let him know that I had a protector within hail.

"How? The *English* gentleman?" re-echoed the peasant. "Is he English—that man with the blonde whiskers?"

"Certainly. As English as I am."

"Are you speaking truth?"

"Of course. I don't understand you, friend."

To say truth, I began to be very much frightened, so strangely did the man glare at me. To add to my terror, I just then caught sight of a pistol stuck into his belt, and partly hidden by his loose jacket. However, I remained quiet, looking at him steadily, although my heart thumped hard against my side the while. For a second he stood irresolute, and then we heard the voice of Rutherford as he climbed up from the ravine to the level of the bridge.

"Here are some ferns for Lucy and some flowers for you. May I come and give them to you?"

My strange interlocutor seemed satisfied that those were the tones of an English voice; for, after listening for a second, he nodded to himself sullenly, swore a deep oath, and turning round, without further notice of me, disappeared rapidly up the hill-side in the opposite direction to Tivoli.

CHAPTER XX.

RUTHERFORD came up to me with his hands full of ferns and flowers. He laid them down on the grass, and, looking at me earnestly, asked if I would now give him an answer to his question.

I told him that I would answer him with the utmost sincerity that I was capable of, that I was grateful for his attachment, and honored by it, but that it had taken me utterly by surprise, and I was unable to say that I returned it as it deserved to be returned.

"Do you think it impossible you ever should return it, dear?" he asked, very gently.

"What am I to say? Would it be fair or right to keep you in suspense on such a subject—to bid you wait and hope, and then, perhaps, say, 'No; I find you are not so dear to me as the man should be whom I take for my husband?' I know very well that, as regards all worldly circumstances, you would be offering every thing and receiving nothing in exchange."

"There is only one thing I want, or ought to want, in exchange, Catherine—the true heart of a true woman."

"Yes, and that is what you deserve to have; but I can not tell you that you have mine yet."

"Ah," he cried, eagerly, taking my right hand between both his, "that '*yet*' is a drop of honey enough to moisten many harsher words than you have said or are likely to say to me!"

"But pray understand—believe that I am speaking the sheer plain truth from the depths of my conscience—I promise nothing."

"Catherine," said he, still holding my hand, and looking at me with a smile that was very tender and sweet, "I almost believe—I do begin to hope—that you have a wee bit of love for me hidden in some corner of your heart."

"I think so too," I answered, simply; "only not enough."

"Will you let me ask you again for an answer to my question at the end of this week? You talked of its not being fair to keep me in suspense, and to make me wait; but would it not be more unfair to turn me off while you are still uncertain of your own feelings? I understand now that the very circumstance which I thought would help my suit with you has been against me. But sweet little Lucy's conversation had a special charm for me; she talked, and let me talk, of you."

"I never guessed—how could I guess?" I murmured.

"May I ask you again in a week? Meanwhile I promise not to importune you; and don't fear that I shall reproach you if you are unable to give me a favorable answer. You have been as honest as the day with me. He must be a false loon himself who could misinterpret a soul so crystal clear. May I ask again in a week? Come; a fair 'Yes' or 'No!'"

"Yes."

"God bless you, Catherine!" With that he dropped my hand and resumed his usual manner—a considerate delicacy of behavior to which I was not insensible.

"And now," said Rutherford, "before we rejoin Lucy, I want to tell you what I saw and heard during my stay in Rome. I was in the studio of an artist of my acquaintance in the Passeggiata di Ripetta, which, as you know, borders the Tiber. We were standing at the window looking at the sunset light on the river, and the glow in the sky behind the dark mass of St. Peter's dome, when I noticed a young woman walking to and fro in a strange, agitated manner. Sometimes she stopped and looked up at the sky or down at the river, and then began again pacing up and down, up and down, like a caged animal. My friend and I noticed her particularly, for the place was solitary at that hour, and she was the only person walking there. There was a small open carriage drawn up at a little distance, apparently waiting for some one; and I saw the coachman looking at the young woman, and evidently making some jeers about her to a groom who stood near him."

"Was the woman dressed like a lady?"

"She was miserably clad—squalid, almost in rags; but her clothes seemed to be the remnants of tattered finery, and she was very handsome, although haggard and wretched-looking in the extreme. But what struck us both was the singular air of desperation—I can call it nothing else—about her.

"Presently there came leisurely clattering over the stones, from the direction of the Porta del Popolo, a horseman on a showy chestnut; he pulled up and dismounted. The groom advanced and took his horse, and the coachman of the little open carriage touched his hat. The vehicle had evidently been ordered to wait there and take him home after his country ride. 'I know that man's face,' said my artist friend; 'it is young Corleoni.' He it was, sure enough. No sooner had he sent off the groom leading his horse by the bridle, than the young woman intercepted him as he was about to step into the carriage, and began to speak to him. We could not hear what she said, but her action was imploring and vehement. Don Vittorio had started back in manifest surprise on first seeing her, but then he stood still, frowning and looking as wicked as ever I saw a man look in my days. Once or twice he tried to pass her and get into his carriage. Each time she plucked him back by the sleeve, and then clasped her hands, and was evidently pleading with him hard. I threw open the window and leaned out, and then the woman's voice being raised, I distinctly heard her say, 'I have been almost starving—*starving*, do you hear?' Don Vittorio made some reply which I could not catch, and she answered, with a burst of passionate sobs, 'I know you said that if I ever came back you would do nothing for me; but why was I to be banished? I couldn't stay away any longer; I wanted to see some human being belonging to me, but they're all dead or gone away; there's not a single soul left that cares for me. Have some compassion on me, Vittorio!' And the poor creature laid her hand on his shoulder. He threw her off with brutal roughness, so that she staggered, and then he turned to mount into the carriage. For one second she stood looking at him with a face I shall never forget, and then, throwing up her arms above her head, she rushed straight down the bank and plunged into the river."

"Good God, how terrible!"

"Don Vittorio's coachman started up on the box and gave a loud cry; but his master leaned forward in the carriage, snatched the whip from the man's hand, and lashed the horse, which set off at a furious, frightened gallop."

"Without waiting to ascertain the woman's fate?"

"Without turning his head."

"And the wretched woman?"

"She was drowned. They got the body out of the river very quickly. Some boatmen were at hand, and lost no time. There was a great tumult, and a crowd that seemed to spring out of the earth, as street crowds do. My friend and I tore down the stairs, and fought our way through the throng, and saw the poor dripping corpse carried into a cab to be taken to the hospital. But she never recovered consciousness."

"What a horrible story! Is it known who the unfortunate woman was?"

"Originally a peasant girl on an estate of the Corleonis in the Maremma. Don Vittorio enticed her away with him to Rome when he was little more than a boy in years, though a veteran in wickedness. It is altogether a black, black story."

"How did you learn this?"

"From an old woman with whom the wretched girl had lodged in some miserable den in the Trastevere. We saw her at the hospital. My friend and I went there to see if we could do any thing for the girl; but, as I told you, she was beyond human need or human help. Ah, it is well for Don Vittorio that the institution of coroners' inquests is unknown in his country. If any public inquiry were made, he would cut a mighty ugly figure."

"But do you know that he has left Rome?"

"Left Rome? When?"

Then I related the Princess's unexpected visit, and what she had said to me and Signor Sandro. Rutherford listened attentively, and then expressed his opinion that the real cause of Don Vittorio's sudden departure was to be found in the tragedy of the suicide, although he might choose to let it appear to have arisen from his quarrel with his mother. He would in all probability simply keep out of the way until the whole matter had blown over and been forgotten. Mr. Rutherford was of opinion that this would soon be the case. I asked him if he thought that the Princess was ignorant of the suicide. And he said he thought it very possible—nay, probable—that she was. No newspapers, except clerical organs, ever made their way into the Palazzo Corleoni, and those journals would take care to hush up a matter in which the name of so devout and noble a family was implicated.

"A miserable woman drowns herself in the Tiber. No one knows any thing about her. The pious people, if they happen to see the statement, shrug their shoulders, and declaim against the increase of suicide and general wickedness brought into Rome by the Italians. The next week it is all forgotten. Nay, I almost wonder at Don Vittorio's thinking it worth while to run away even for a day, except that I fancy he was seized with a sort of panic terror. It was panic that made him flog the horse and gallop off from the drowning girl."

This shocking story quite drove away any shamefaced feeling I might have had in meeting Lucy again after Rutherford's declaration. Nay, it put out of my mind for the moment my encounter with the wild-looking *ciociaro*, about whom I did not think again till we were all once more safe back at Tivoli.

As we approached the house where we lived I felt nervous lest we should come upon the Princess Corleoni, the unexpected sight of whom would, I knew, terribly agitate Lucy. Just when we were emerging from a narrow lane into the principal *piazza* of the town, a carriage dashed by us so close that Rutherford put out his arm to draw Lucy out of danger from the rapid wheels. I think he guessed who might be the occupant of it, and turned my sister in the opposite direction. It all passed like a flash; but I, who was walking a pace or two behind them, caught sight of the Princess's pale face at the window. She let the glass down, and thrust out her head to look after Lucy and Rutherford, with a softer expression on her face than I had ever beheld there before. And then she was gone. I never saw her more.

I felt so worn out with the events of the day that I shrank with a sensation of bodily weariness from the interview with Signor Sandro, who was waiting for me when I got home, stalking up and down the garden, smoking one of his favorite long black cigars with a straw in it. But the interview had to be gone through. Lucy went at once to the sitting-room when I told her that I had a word to say to my master. "Don't put on your painting-blouse again, Catty dear," she said. "You were at work before seven o'clock this morning." Rutherford lingered for an instant at the garden gate to ask if he might come and see us in the evening. But I said no; I must have breathing-time—time not only to think, but to feel, for I was as one stunned.

"You are too tired," said he. "Pray go to rest early." And although his lips uttered not a syllable more, his voice and his eyes seemed to set the bald words to a kind of pleasant tune.

"Well, master," I said, when Signor Sandro and I were alone in the studio, "and what was the end of your interview with that high and mighty dame?"

"She is gone back to Rome, Caterina."

"I know she is gone. I saw her."

"Poor Olympia! She is sorely troubled about her son. Ah! Well, child" (rousing himself from a reverie), "it seems that that chivalrous young gentleman reproached his mother for sending Lucia away, and had a scene of great violence with her and Monsignor Chiappaforti. And then, to spite his mother, he quarrelled with the Campograssos. To spite his mother, as *she* said; but I think myself he was in one of his devil's moods, and sought only to wreak his wrath and malice, let it be on whom it might. And then he is as proud as Lucifer, and believes that a Bastiani-Corleoni would confer a distinction on Olympian Jove himself by marrying into his family. And the Campograssos think as much of their fat Lombard acres as he does of his pedigree (they are not badly born, either, the Campograssos), and so, he being in the mood aforesaid, a little spark would set ablaze a big conflagration."

"But why did the Princess think it likely that *I* should know any thing of her son's whereabouts?"

"Oh, it seems he threatened her that he would make matters up with Lucia. And he dropped a hint of the same sort to the Campograssos, which made them furious, for they were inclined to be jealous of the fair-haired English girl already. And the Princess thought, when he took himself off in that mysterious way, that he had probably come after your sister."

With the horrible story of the drowned girl fresh in my mind, the thought of that wicked, hard-hearted man approaching my pure Lucy made me shudder from head to foot.

"But," pursued Signor Sandro, speaking with more blunt plainness than one of my own countrymen would have used to me on such a subject, "that was not likely. For as to marrying Lucia, the Princess was right in saying that he never had the remotest intention of such a thing; and he has no doubt found out by this time that there is no hope of carrying off our little white dove on any other terms."

Every nerve in my body tingled as if with bodily pain as I answered, "And it was to the wicked and lying and abominable pursuit of this man that the Princess Olympia knowingly allowed my innocent young sister to be exposed. For she did know it. She knew every thing that went on in her house. Oh, master, how could any woman be so base and cruel? And, in God's name, why?"

"Child," answered Signor Sandro, very solemnly, "she would never have done it if she had not taken to devotion. Ah! you stare—you don't understand. But I see it all. Partly I guessed it before, you know, and partly Olympia let drop words and hints enough to convince me. Chiappaforti marked down Lucia from the beginning. She was soft and pliant, and—had fifty thousand francs of *dote*. Just the thing for our pet convent, and a soul saved into the bargain. But perhaps it might not be so easy to detach a bright, pretty creature like that from the world. Oh, but the saints take care of their own! (They say the devil does, and I believe it.) Here is Vittorio philandering about the blonde *Inglesina*. She is a good little thing. No real evil will come of it, and if she gets a little heart-ache, a disappointment, why, so much the more readily will she turn to the consolations of religion—and the convent. There's your plan mapped out neat, complete, and all *ad majorem Dei gloriam*—for the greater glory of God. Unfortunately there intrude unforeseen factors into the working out of the calculation. A stiff-necked sister, Anglo-Saxon obstinacy and honesty, and now Vittorio's outbreak of rebellion. Rather than let the broad acres of the Campograssos slip through the fingers of such well-affected children of the Church as the Corleoni, give up the nun and the dower—and even the soul, if needs must. I made my bargain. Olympia will do our Lucia justice in the face of the world, and in return I will find out where her precious son is. I have means of doing so without scandal. The great thing is to make no scandal. The Princess might have taken other means to get at her son, but they would have involved the confession that he had gone off in anger. Now that must not be known to the world. No washing of our foul linen in public, for mercy's sake! *Ecco!*"

I could not but observe that Signor Sandro, albeit sincerely disapproving the conduct of Vittorio (and perhaps still more intensely that of Monsignor Chiappaforti, whom I believe he secretly considered responsible for all the evil that had happened in the matter), and with equal sincerity sympathizing with Lucy, yet had a certain enjoyment in being mixed up with secret machinations and inquiries and the rest of it. And, moreover, he was far from being entirely antagonistic to the Princess Olympia. As to her desire that her son should marry into a wealthy and influential family, that he deemed not only natural but laudable. To arrange such matters on such bases was the duty of a parent. My no-

tions on the subject were the notions of an alien: well enough, perhaps, for sea-sundered Britons, but inadmissible for Continental civilization. But the kind old man had our interest at heart, as he understood it. And although I thought it misplaced, I could not but be touched by his chivalrous tenderness for Donna Olympia.

"Don't think all ill of her," he said. "She has a real affection for Lucy. Yes, yes; she has, I tell you, in spite of all that has passed. There were tears in her eyes when she spoke of her 'longing to bring that young soul into the true fold,' and how she had prayed to the Blessed Virgin for her. You know how they talk, these devout folk; but she meant it, she meant it. I know her, and I know that she meant it."

The remembrance of the pale, handsome, haggard face, with the yearning look in it, which I had seen in gazing out of the carriage window after Lucy, rose up in my mind. "God knows!" I said, thinking of that look. "Perhaps she did mean it. I won't judge her so harshly as she judged us."

Signor Sandro pressed my hand. "Good girl!" he murmured. "Women ought to have some heart for each other, for I fear that we brutes of men lead them but a bad life of it. Lovers, husbands, sons, we cost them tears from beginning to end, *poverette!*"

With that he kissed my forehead and went away.

Lucy and I spent the evening quietly together. She was more cheerful than I had seen her for a long time past. In order to escape the effort of talking, I asked her to read aloud, while I sewed. She chose a merry tale, and laughed over it. And when we lay down in our beds, side by side, she was still talking cheerfully, and looking forward to our excursion on Saturday. After we had bade each other good-night, I determined to think out all that had happened during the day. But instead of thinking, I could do nothing but live over again the minutes I had passed with Rutherford, recalling all his looks and words, as I lay with closed eyes, as vividly as if I actually saw and heard them. "This is mere idle, feckless dreaming," said I to myself, severely. "I mean to master my vagrant fancy." But just when I had taken this good resolution I fell fast asleep. I was so tired.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SYRIAN SHORE.

Along the Syrian shore, from Asia Minor to Egypt, extends a narrow but memorable territory, the source of religion, the sacred land of many creeds. Greek and Latin, Jew and Christian, prelatist or Presbyterian, join in bending the knee or the heart before its perpetual shrines. Over all this territory England has promised to extend its protection, defend it from external foes, reform its abuses, deprive the Turk of his overweening power, make Palestine a land of perfect toleration and the home of Christian charity. So complete a change can not be easily effected, and it will no doubt be many years before the violent natures of the East can be soothed into civilization and repose. Yet even the manners of the Turks seem somewhat softened since Maundrell, in the seventeenth century, scarcely escaped with life from Jerusalem, or even in the opening of the nineteenth, when Burckhardt thought it an instance of rare toleration that the monks of Nazareth were allowed to go a short distance from their convent without being stoned or massacred. A brutal tyranny has ruled for ages over the Syrian shore; its lustrous past has sunk into almost indescribable ruin. Yet still the narrow strip of land retains much of its ancestral beauty. The Jordan is still one of the fairest of rivers. Around Galilee the land is sown with lilies. Damascus glitters amidst its desert. The Dead Sea sleeps in solemn calm. Or around the bright Orontes the Syrian spring glows with color, and the grove of Daphne seems ready to bloom again under the walls of some new Antioch.

The narrow land from Antioch to Egypt is so pressed in by the Syrian desert that almost a miracle or a prodigy seems to have saved it from a deluge of sand. In the north it is widest, and touches the Euphrates on the east; in Middle or Hollow Syria the desert draws nearer to the sea; in Palestine, the lower province, the mountains alone protect the Sea of Tiberias and the vale of Hebron. No part of the earth is so familiar to so many of its inhabitants. All Christendom studies in childhood the geography of Syria, visits the sacred scenery, or wanders with the first reformers to Antioch. In Australia, or Oregon, Siberia, Iceland, the memorable names and scenes of the Syrian shores are often better known than those of any American or European landscape, the legends of its mountains and its caves related with a never-ceasing interest. Antioch, in the north, has chiefly a classic and Christian history, and is scarcely connected with the Jewish annals except as the chief city of their spoilers. Its magnificence, its pagan bigotry, the beauty of its temples, the rare graces of the park or garden of Daphne, the Castalian spring, made it the most splendid and famous of the Syrian cities, the centre of luxury and wealth, the home of industry and art. It was long the devoted worshipper of those imperfect deities that had sprung from the union of Greek and Syrian traditions. Some remains of its temples indicate their splendor; aqueducts, baths, a forum, libraries, porticoes, the richest productions of art and nature, had crowned its prosperity. Its huge walls of stone may yet be traced on the hills around the Orontes. But it was as a Christian city that Antioch was to become "the eye of the East." Its conversion was rapid. The early Church fixed here its chosen home. Its great population seems soon to have passed from a rigid paganism to an intense faith. Tradition represented Peter and Paul as its early teachers. It became the seat of one of the four Eastern patriarchates. And still on the banks of the Orontes and along the hill-sides may be discovered the ruins of its ancient churches, of which the most famous was that of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Middle Syria is the land of wonderful cities. Baalbec, Palmyra, Damascus, Berytus, Cæsarea, and many others of less fame, strew its narrow territory. One wonders how the desolate scene can have so won the affections of any tribe or race of men, or its hot shore nurtured such rare and industrious minds. But Cœle-Syria is chiefly memorable as the home of the Sidonians and the Tyrians. Here in the two Phœnician cities navigation and discovery began their wonderful career, mathematics and astronomy were applied to the measurement of distant lands. Tyrian sailors, with a courage even above that of Columbus, sailed in their frail boats to the Straits of Hercules, coasted the fearful ocean, discovered Britain, and carried to its barbarous people some knowledge of the Semitic civilization of the East. The savage shores of Wales and Cornwall were astonished at the skill and courage of the idolatrous strangers. The desolate island saw the gay Tyrian purple, the rich robes of the East, Sidonian embroidery, the golden armlets and rare jewelry of the Tyrian women. England was discovered by Tyre; to-day England is the modern Tyre, the commercial and manufacturing land of Europe, whose ships explore the farthest seas, whose immense fleets of iron-clads hang threateningly at anchor or swiftly patrol the desolate shore by the deserted ports of Tyre and Sidon. The barbarous island that once supplied Phœnicia with tin has assumed the protection of the Syrian coast; the natives of Cornwall and Wales may muse over the sunken ruins of the harbors of their earliest victors. Here, too, in Cœle-Syria is Damascus, the city of living waters, and one may still walk in the street "called the Straight," and wander with Mr. Appleton, in his *Syrian Sunshine*, over the foot-prints of St. Paul. Here Palmyra and Baalbec gleam over their deserts, fairy cities of white marble or stone, deserted and forlorn. The sculptor wrought his richest columns and architraves, the painter lavished his matchless colors, for them in vain. They are lost, and the Saxon will never again rebuild them.

But the interest of the memorable shore deepens as we reach its southern limit and the narrow land of Palestine. The mental and commercial activity of Tyre, the graceful splendors of Antioch, are lost in an intense emotion; faces divine and human look down upon us; an infinite number of real beings, with whose lives and characters we are singularly familiar, tread the narrow scene. We know more of the people of Palestine, their history and manners, their internal and domestic life, their joys, their virtues, their crimes, their tears, than even of those of our own neighborhood. Here Isaac and Jacob tell their natural love tales, Ruth and Boaz enact their pastoral among the sheaves; here cruel kings look down savagely from Salem's towers, painted with a firmer hand than Shakspeare's, or a valiant David conquers Damascus, and Solomon, the model of many a less gifted tyrant, loses himself in guilty luxury. What sage and reverend prophets, what generous patriots, what savage and guilty multitudes, what amiable or wicked women, what happy homes, what endless examples, arise before us! And then comes the final change: prophets, seers, princes, melt into a new dispensation. History pauses in the presence of the divine.

No country has been the scene of wilder wars, of more incessant warfare. From Napoleon to Nebuchadnezzar, from Pharaoh to Cœur de Lion, the unhappy land has been the prey of endless conquerors. It has been plundered until one might suppose there would be nothing left in its villages and towns, oppressed with a severity seldom known. "The Turks," says Mr. Appleton, "are brutal on principle. It is only through brutality that they constrain and keep in order their conquests." Crusaders, Arabs, Persians, Egyptians, Romans, have all in turn plundered Jerusalem. The land is sown thickly with the fragments of castles built by the knights-errant and Templars, with Roman towns and cities lost in ruin, with the remains of artificial ports, roads, aqueducts, the proofs of former activity. Almost alone, Jerusalem sits on its lofty hills, a small city grown upon the ruins of that of Solomon. The deep shaft sunk by Mr. Warren indicates how far below the surface lie its ancient walls, and the marks of Phœnician workmanship show whence came the skill that founded the Temple and the defenses. But the Jerusalem of to-day is a mediæval city, filled with the memories of the Crescent and the Cross. In the rich gloom of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre lies the effigy of a crusader, armed and lying upon his tomb. The scenery alone has never changed. There around Jerusalem are the sites of Gath and Gaza, Hermon, Ascalon, Ashdod. The dew still falls thick on Hebron, and the top of Mount Tabor is veiled in clouds. Nablous and Samaria, the doubtful site of Capernaum, Bethlehem and its church, Nazareth and its monastery, the rich plains of Esdraelon, Tiberias and fair Gennesaret, or the harborless coast and the rude haunts of the Amalekites and Philistines, are all unchanged. The climate Lieutenant Conder thinks unattractive and unhealthy. The Syrian fever attacks the careless explorer. The summer is intensely hot; the sirocco sweeps in May over the withered landscape, but in winter the snow lies nearly half a foot deep among the hills of Hebron. Yet a tide of Jewish emigration has long been turning to Palestine; there are whole cities and villages of Hebrews. Possibly under European protection the narrow land may once more swarm with people of all creeds and races, and Salem's towers prove at last the abode of peace.

England proposes to occupy or protect the Syrian shore as a pathway to its Indian Empire. It will come as a conqueror to Jerusalem and Antioch if it comes at all. There is no doubt that English rule would be better than Turkish rule. But whether the people of England will be willing to bear the expense and hazard of so distant a conquest is still a question of the future. Syria under a free government of its own people might possibly renew its youth; as an English dependency it would be no better off than Orissa or Bengal.

Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Saturday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 22.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 29.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity; St. Michael and All Angels.

Two thousand delegates attended the International Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations in Geneva August 14. The United States, Canada, Nova Scotia, Sweden, Denmark, all of Central Europe, and England were represented. The sessions were held in the Salle de la Reformation, where the welcome was given to the strangers by M. Fermaud, president of the Geneva Association. The topic most discussed in the Conference was the appointment of a permanent International Committee. On this the debate was very animated. The objection made was that such a committee would interfere with the individual liberty of Associations. The proposal was agreed to under the following form: (1) That the Conference appoint a permanent committee, which shall choose, in agreement with the Association entertaining the next Conference, the topics and speakers for that Conference. (2) That it be located at Geneva, with power to add to its number by electing one person for each country represented. (3) That it shall collect statistics, and report them to the next Conference. (4) That it shall have no legislative power or right to interfere with the action of any individual Associations, or National Committees, or National Conferences. It will be readily perceived that the appointment of this Committee will give importance and unity to Christian Association work on the continent of Europe. It will lead to National Conferences, and help to sustain them. There has not yet been a National Conference of Christian Associations held in England, although they are well known in the United States. Subscriptions were taken at Geneva to meet the expenses of the International Committee. The whole number of Young Men's Christian Associations in the world was reported to be 2000; of this total one-half are in America. The next International Conference will be held in London.

The bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at the close of their meeting held in this city, considered the resignation of Bishop S. A. M'Coskry, of the diocese of Michigan, and deposed him from the ministry. The final action upon this case was taken September 3, thirty-one bishops being present. The reasons assigned are that Bishop M'Coskry "has abandoned his diocese and left the territory of the United States while grave allegations touching his moral character existed, thereby declining to promote any investigation of the allegations," and "that no action of the bishops in the premises can make effective his voluntary resignation of his office, except by his deposition from the same." No doubt the assembled bishops have acted with a clear knowledge of the canons of the Church; but the usual course for ecclesiastical cases to take in other jurisdictions is to refuse a resignation offered when charges are pending, and to summon the accused to trial.

The interest in theological discussion, which appears to grow steadily, is evinced by the appearance of a "Symposium" in the *North American Review* for September on "Inspiration." The writers are Drs. F. H. Hedge, Unitarian, E. A. Washburn, Episcopalian, J. P. Newman, Methodist, the Rev. Chauncey Giles, Swedenborgian, Archbishop James Gibbons, Roman Catholic, and John Fiske, of Harvard University. All the writers, with the exception of Mr. Fiske, admit the fact of inspiration; they differ, however, in their opinions of its mode and the extent of its operation. This peaceable bringing together of opposing views held upon subjects of supreme importance is becoming a characteristic of our times.

The entire population of Dundee attended, on Saturday, August 19, the funeral of the Rev. George Gilfillan, for long years the minister of the United Presbyterian Church of that city. The concourse of people was estimated at 50,000. It is mentioned as an unusual coincidence that one of Mr. Gilfillan's texts on the last Sunday of his preaching was: "Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not" (Job, xiv. 2). Mr. Gilfillan's literary activity was no hinderance to his success as a pastor. His church was always full; his special discourses, it is said, never failed "to draw audiences which packed his church in every part, including the passages, and sometimes even the staircases." His publications were very numerous, but he is best known in this country by his *Gallery of Literary Portraits*. Like the late Dr. Macleod, of Scotland, Mr. Gilfillan had a dislike of Church assemblies, their bustle and debate. He was noted through life for his independence in matters of theological opinion.

In these days of memorials to the dead, especially the religious reformers of past centuries, good Izaak Walton has not been forgotten. A bust of him has been placed in the St. Mary's Church of Stafford, his native town. The charities left by him for the benefit of the poor of Stafford are administered still. The modest and devout author of the *Complete Angler* has not missed his share of earthly immortality.

The ultramontanes of Germany will bitterly resist the proposed law for the repression of Socialism. The provisions of the bill, as drafted, are exceedingly severe. All Socialist societies are to be dissolved, and their property confiscated. All members of them are to be punished by fine and imprisonment. Foreigners affiliated with Socialists are to be expelled from Germany. Printers, proprietors of circulating libraries and reading-rooms, or public-houses, may be compelled to close their business by order of the police. An Imperial Court for association and press cases will be instituted. The extreme liberals will unite with the ultramontanes in opposing this bill. It will probably undergo much modification before its passage.

"Has any thing been agreed upon at the Kissingen Conference?" is the question now repeated all over Europe. One account states that "no special convention will be concluded at present between the German government and the Vatican, declarations only being exchanged respecting the agreement arrived at, and the means of giving it effect." According to another account, Prussia will insist upon the communication to the provincial governors of the name of every person appointed to a spiritual office. There is a generally expressed hope that some terms of adjustment may be found, but the result is doubtful.

The $25,000 given anonymously to Andover Theological Seminary will be appropriated to the enlargement of the old chapel. Announcement is also made of a pledge of $25,000 for the endowment of a chair of theology in Oberlin by a Massachusetts lady.

The Italian ministers are about to bring before the Legislative Chambers a bill to punish with fine and imprisonment any Catholic priest "who shall celebrate marriage between persons not previously married according to the civil rite." It should be said, however, that the Catholics of Italy profess to be anxious to comply with the requirements of the law in relation to civil marriage.

Among the ecclesiastical measures passed at the late session of the British Parliament are the "Bishoprics Bill," which creates four new sees, making, with St. Alban's and Truro, six recently authorized; and the "Marriage Notices Bill," which enables Scotch Nonconformists to be married by their own ministers in their own churches. A commission has also been created to investigate the traffic in church livings. Mr. Osborne Morgan's resolution in relation to burials was defeated by a majority of only 15.

Professor C. F. Thwing has collected very valuable statistics of the religious life of American colleges, some of which are new. One fact of importance named is that leading denominational colleges—such as Amherst, Princeton, Oberlin, and Brown University—require no religious tests of the members of their faculties of instruction. Practically the majority of professors in nearly all American colleges are communicants of Christian churches. As to the students, nearly half of the total number in the United States—20,000—are reported as decided Christians. The proportion of Christian students to the whole number is, in Harvard, one to five; Dartmouth and Bowdoin, one to three; Yale, two of every five; in Michigan University and Western Reserve, one of every two; in Princeton, Brown, Marietta, and Ripon, three of every five; at Amherst, Williams, Wesleyan University, and Berea, four of every five. If these statistics are accurate, they show that a religious impulse has much to do with filling up the ranks of college students.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A little boy asked his mother if fish were not thieves. She told him she guessed not, and wanted to know why he asked the question, to which he responded: "Well, ma, I thought they must be, because it is so common to see a fish hook."

"Has sound color?" asks a philosopher. "Oh yes. Have you never heard your roan voice?"

"Doctor! doctor!" panted a messenger, "come down the street quick; there's a man dropped in a fit." "In an apoplectic?" questioned the doctor. "No, Sir; he's in a duster," answered the messenger.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change "a bit." If you take off another, you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another, it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that, if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

An aurist was so remarkably clever that, having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady, who had been hitherto insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness next day of hearing from her husband in Australia.

A young lady who prided herself on her geography, seeing a candle aslant, remarked that it reminded her of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. "Yes," responded a wag, "with this difference: that is a tower in Italy, while this is a tower in *grease*."

A captain of a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried: "All you that are without arms, hold up your hands."

Boyle Roche once said in the Irish Parliament, "Mr. Speaker, I would give the half of the Constitution—nay, the whole of it—to preserve the remainder."

Nevada papers, instead of speaking of a deceased citizen as being widely and favorably known, remark: "There wasn't a saloon-keeper in the State who didn't ache to trust him."

A cool Proceeding—Kissing a lady's snowy brow.

Restaurant Patron. "These sausages are hardly up to the mark."
Waiter. "They ain't, eh? Well, d'ye expect Italian greyhound and thorough-bred Scotch terrier for ten cents?"

A down-town resident, native to the land which gave Bismarck birth, remarked of a young man supposed to be seriously attentive to a very handsome niece: "Dot feller's vixed. He vill sum pad. He make dot gal bresent ov ring mit doze don't-you-forget-me-it flowers on."

A Highland bagpiper on his travels opened his wallet by a wood-side, and sat down to dinner. No sooner had he said grace than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provender was all gone; at length he took up his bagpipes and began to play, at which the wolves ran away. "The deil tak me," said the now dinnerless piper, "an I had kenn'd you lo'ed music sae weel, you should ha' haen it before dinner."

TURBULENT AND DANGEROUS LUNACY—GO EVEN TO THE BEASTS, THOU THEORIST, AND BE WISE.

"VILLAGES AND VILLAGE LIFE."

A FEW years ago it would have been thought absurd to question whether the city or the country presented greater advantages as a place of residence, so completely was the adage that "God made the country and man made the town" accepted, and so unanimous was the opinion that only in rural districts could health be preserved and sober and sensible pleasures enjoyed. Of late, however, a controversy has arisen in regard to the matter; experience and observation have taught many that the healthiness of the country is by no means such an established fact as has been supposed, and that, indeed, the whole question is open to argument.

Among the few who have given a patient and exhaustive consideration to the subject of country life as it appears when contrasted with a residence in our more crowded cities is Mr. Nathaniel Eggleston, author of a volume entitled *Villages and Village Life*, just published by the Harpers. The book is a timely one, because, as already suggested, it comes at a moment when great interest is felt in the matter of which it treats. The present depression in business, and the paralysis that has laid hold of so many of our industries, are making it practically impossible for a large portion of our population to live in the cities, as has been their custom hitherto. Our facilities for rapid transit, and particularly our recently constructed elevated railways, are constantly bringing the country nearer to us, and making it an easy matter to live at least in the suburbs and attend to business in town. But, on the other hand, the stories of malaria that are constantly repeated to us, the reports of horrible crimes executed by tramps and other desperadoes, and the difficulty of procuring assistance in household labor, constitute objections to country life that may well cause the city resident to hesitate ere he attempts to transport his Lares and Penates thither. Again, we know that there is an ever-increasing tendency on the part of those born in the country to flock to the cities; indeed, statistics show us that so strong is the flow from the country to the cities and manufacturing towns, especially in New England, that in many of the rural districts there is a decline in the population, while the cities go on growing larger and larger.

Each one of these points, which appear so surprising to those whose ancient faith in the attractiveness of the country still clings to them, is taken up severally and considered by Mr. Eggleston, who, although an enthusiast in regard to rural delights, writes in the regretful spirit of a man who sees others inclined to disregard the advantages which to him are so apparent. The country he believes in, but in country life he sees much to alter, and he deplores the blindness which passes heedlessly by so many means of pure and sensible enjoyment to grasp after the meretricious pleasures of town life. Not without many expressions bordering upon sorrow does he say:

"Life in the country may be in general on the side of good order, thrift, and virtue, but it is slow and heavy. It drags. It does not readily take the stimulus of new ideas. It does not believe much in improvement. It is content with old methods, and not much disposed to consider whether there can be any better ones. The general life in the country is unquestionably sluggish. It is withal a life too much of dull, hard drudgery. The yoke also comes on the shoulders at an early age with excessive severity; and the boys, like too many of the colts, are broken down before they reach the years of mature strength and endurance. The late war showed that the town and city boys could endure a strain under which those from the country frequently failed. To this drudgery of country life there is little relief, whether to the man in the field or the woman in the house. Day in and day out, year in and year out, it is very much the same hard, heavy strain. There is little change except from work to idleness or sleep, or perhaps the dull gossip of the neighboring kitchen, or the duller and worse gossip of the store or tavern. The talk is, in large part, the dripping of scandal or story-telling of a low cast. There is little of earnest or high-toned thinking, little grappling with things which are not material. There is little alertness of mind, little of the spirit of inquiry; as how could there be much when body and mind are so dragged and spent with the heavy, incessant tug of such an unvarying round of life?"

To alter such a state of affairs as this, is, according to Mr. Eggleston, a prime necessity, if country life is to be made attractive. Recognizing the fact that it is the lack of any satisfactory social element that makes country life dull, he insists that there should be something to develop the local interest of the dwellers in our villages in one another and in the place in which they live. Almost any thing is to be encouraged which will bring people together. In a village where the interest is chiefly agricultural there should be farmers' clubs, or something of the same kind under a similar name. Of fairs and festivals he would have an indefinite number, although admitting that they are generally more expensive than remunerative. Their real value is social, and not pecuniary, affording an opportunity for people of all ages to meet in pursuit of a common object, and to become acquainted with each other's mental and moral attributes, as they could not do except through some such device. From such entertainments he passes on to more intellectual gatherings, as, for instance, debating societies and lecture associations. The latter, he suggests, shall not depend upon foreign talent, but gather its lecturers from within the circle of the village, realizing that the end desired is not magnificent oratory, but a cultivation of pleasant relations with those around.

The author also discusses country homes, their appearance and surroundings, and the methods upon which they are built. Here he touches upon the subject of health, and we begin to learn at last, if indeed our own observation has not before led us to suspect, why stalwart men, rosy maids, and plump matrons are to be found in the cities rather than among our rural population. Where many people are closely huddled together the necessity for absolute cleanliness, if health would be preserved, is so apparent that the sanitary system has been brought almost to perfection in the better class of city streets, if not throughout all districts. The cardinal health formula of old Hippocrates, "Pure air, pure water, and a pure soil," is remembered in the country only in part. The first requisite is to be had in such abundance in the beginning that people fancy it can never be vitiated by neglect of the other two. Indeed, the resident of the city, remembering the abundant supply of pure water carried into his dwelling by an intricate system of pipes, and removed thence, after it has become foul through use, by an equally elaborate sewerage, is often astonished to find what a small amount of attention is paid to such matters in the country. It is quite a common practice in the country to throw the sink water from the kitchen door, or to allow it to flow through a short pipe directly upon the surface of the ground near the house. The result is usually a pool of greasy decaying matter in close proximity to the house. No one seems to regard it. Neither does the country resident, when he builds a house, take pains to avoid all localities where nature herself has established pools of stagnant, pestilence-breeding water. Often their wells are sunk where such noxious influences abound, and the wasted forms and colorless cheeks of the whole family betray the fact that they are suffering from atmospheric or other poison. All this, according to our author, should at once be remedied. Let the homestead be forsaken if its situation is unhealthy, and let an abundance of pure spring water be introduced into every dwelling. Again he suggests to us how insufficient the supply of water in our country houses frequently is for purposes of personal cleanliness. A bath-room is almost an unknown luxury. Frequently the whole supply of what is known as "washing water" comes from a cistern or a small tank upon the roof, where the refreshing fluid grows foul to the sight and offensive to the nose long before it is carried to the bedrooms.

Passing from such important considerations as house-building, ventilation, drainage, etc., to those portions of Mr. Eggleston's book where he treats of the village as a whole, we find that he has paid no less attention to the matters of decoration and ornament than to the solid bases of healthy and enjoyable country life. Any thing that savors of public spirit and a desire for the common weal finds in him an enthusiastic advocate. Thus he finds among the most hopeful agencies for the improvement of village life those various organizations and associations which have sprung up during the past few years, and are known generally as village-improvement societies, though occasionally they bear other titles. These, he maintains, may begin in a humble way in almost any neighborhood. If only those living in some one street or neighborhood, or even a considerable part of them, will associate themselves together for purposes of improvement, their aim will sooner or later extend so as to take in the whole town, and their organization will enlarge itself proportionately or be merged in another of a wider scope. What is specially needed is a beginning; once set in motion, the good work will go on. Here again Mr. Eggleston falls back upon his pet notion of social intercourse and the impulse given it by such organizations. In a delightful chapter which he devotes to the Laurel Hill Association, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, he describes its yearly festival as follows:

"Once a year the association holds its public festival, and modestly invites all who will to come and see what it is doing and what it has done. In the month of August, on some bright and sunny afternoon, you may see the villagers, together with the city guests summering here and in the neighboring towns, making their way up the slope of Laurel Hill to a plateau half-way from its base to the summit. Here, under the shade of lofty oaks and elms, there is easy standing-room for two thousand persons. Upon the eastern side of this plateau, where the hill presents a perpendicular face of rock, a rostrum of earth covered with turf has been built, from which the eye looks out, through the arching canopy of trees, upon a lovely stretch of meadow, with the winding Housatonic near by, and a portion of the Taconic range bounding the western horizon. Here, upon their earthen platform, gather the officers of the association, with the orator of the occasion, and possibly the poet, with perhaps a band of music near them, while the assembled company distribute themselves in groups on the green grass, or on the adjacent rocks which form the galleries of this rustic theatre. Prayer is offered. The secretary and treasurer make report of the transactions of the society during the year. The officers for the ensuing year are chosen. Then the attention of the company is asked to an address, usually by some present or former resident of Stockbridge who has gained a measure of distinction in letters, in trade, or in art, and who is willing thus to recognize his duty to the place of abode. A poem, perhaps, follows, then short speeches from one and another whom the president espies among the trees, and calls upon for a contribution for the occasion. The speeches are interluded by strains of music and pleasant neighborly talk. All is simple and unstudied. It is the village festival. People come together here who meet nowhere else. And here all are equal. Old and young, rich and poor, meet together. All feel that they are welcome; and as the sun begins to throw his slant shadows down the hill-side and along the green meadows, the groups move homeward with a kindlier interest in one another, and a stronger attachment to the place where their lot has been cast."

In making extracts from a book like Mr. Eggleston's the inclination is felt to prepare an article nearly as long as the work itself. Many of his chapters, as, for instance, the one on amusements, advance ideas so novel and interesting as to awaken a desire to transcribe all that he says. There can be no doubt that our country life languishes from the fact that people do not think it "worth while" to make the effort to adorn their towns or their dwellings, or even to instruct and educate themselves. The result is that the more eager and active flee, while a sort of mental stupidity settles down upon those that remain. Thus our villages become depopulated, and the city receives a burden that it is unable to support. Let us hope that Mr. Eggleston's book, which points out the causes of the evil so delicately, and suggests their remedy in such a charming spirit, may be the means of animating those whose homes are in the country to fresh effort, that they may not be outdone by any in making their surroundings and their lives attractive and beautiful; for, after all, there can be no doubt that the true dwelling-place of man is amid the sweet influences of mountain and meadow, forest and stream, and not where the rush and roar of cities deprive him of all intercourse with Nature, and of all knowledge of her wonderful works.

KILL OR CURE.

"AND who is the owner of this beautiful place?" asked Mrs. Rinaldo.

"An old bachelor, Isaac Barton, one of the richest men in the State."

"A *very* old bachelor?" Mrs. Rinaldo asked.

"Seventy or thereabouts. His nephew, Harry Barton, is a bachelor too; age about thirty, I should think. He sings in our church. He has a fine voice for singing, and he is a splendid fellow. He will be heir to the whole estate."

Mrs. Rinaldo asked no more questions, but she turned in her winning way to her landlord, who was driving her from his village inn to the post-office the morning after her arrival at W——, and who had taken a circuitous road on purpose to show her the Barton place, the pride of his native town.

Mrs. Rinaldo turned in her winning way toward her host. "After all," she said, softly, "these grand places are not half so attractive as the cottages in their pretty gardens, nestling under the fine New England elms. You have shown great taste, Mr. Brewster, in the way you have fitted up the little nook for your wife: it adds to the attractiveness of your summer hotel."

Mr. Brewster's rugged face beamed with pleasure at these words so simply said, but so exactly apt in flattering his two pet schemes. The Gothic cottage, embowered in graceful trees of mountain ash, and overrun with vines of clambering rose, he had built for his invalid wife, that her care-taking spirit might not wear out her frail body, as it certainly would in the busy inn. Then the last words of the handsome little lady beside him especially pleased. Only within the past two seasons had he dared to hope that the River House should ever be more than a village tavern—comfortable, respectable, and clean. Within those two years it had been visited during the months of July and August by wealthy city people seeking a "truly rural" retreat. And now the soul of its owner and proprietor was fired with the ambition of transforming his modest rustic inn into a fashionable summer hotel.

Sydney Brewster drove on, wrapped in a delightful reverie. Mrs. Rinaldo fell into a dreamy mood. They passed silently through the balmy fields inclosed on either hand in stretches of deciduous forest now in greenest leaf, and descended from a romantic bluff to the level of the river, picturesquely unnavigable at this point, but serviceable for mill-wheels far and near. A half mile of river road led to the railway station, the principal village shops, and the post-office—the destination of the letters which Mrs. Rinaldo held in her ungloved and daintily jewelled hand.

Midway in this river road Sydney Brewster became aware that certain exquisite warbling sounds were breaking from the lips of the lady at his side. Presently, and apparently unconscious of any especial presence, but inspired naïvely by the summer scene, she changed these desultory warblings into a deliberate set song.

Such a song! It was only a Scottish ballad, giving in quaint words the sentiment of a rustic lover, tender, unfortunate, fond, and hopelessly true; but with what heart-searching pathos was it sung!

At its close Sydney Brewster rested, as in a trance, upon his wagon bench, having reined his horse to a dead pause, and having given himself to a sensation of enthusiasm that he had never experienced before. His great, warm, labor-hardened hands chilled with emotion; tears welled into his eyes.

A silence followed the song. Then the lady, with a silvery laugh just tremulous enough to give graceful *portamento* from sensitive song to common speech, said, "We must not linger like this, my good friend, or my letters will be late."

The countryman grasped the reins again, and gave speed to his horse. "Oh, but you sing so!" he said. And on their return home, by the shorter way through the village street, he did not fail to insist: "My folks must hear you sing. Our dominie must hear you. That song is good enough for a Sunday. And Mr. Harry Barton, if he comes to town-meeting next week, as I don't doubt he will, must hear it too."

Mrs. Rinaldo replied, hesitatingly: "I could not sing that song for strangers, you know, but I'll sing it any time you like for you or for your wife if I stay."

"You *must* stay," said Mr. Brewster, with a warmth in which mercenary interest had no part.

When summer reached mid-July, and the season of summer boarders was at its height, music had become an absorbing attraction at the River House. The bewitching Mrs. Rinaldo, with her extraordinary gift, drew around her, evening after evening, not only the transient guests, but the resident village people. Her duets with Mr. Harry Barton became famed. Even the girls who secretly adored that "splendid fellow," and who suffered keen dread of the stranger's potent fascination, yielded to its spell, and grouped themselves admiringly around. As for Harry Barton himself, it was rumored that his light heart, free and glad as a bird, and hard to win, was already drawn into this ensnaring charm.

What Harry Barton really felt of attraction to Mrs. Rinaldo was brought to proof one moonlight evening, when he walked home from "Friday lecture" with the beautiful woman, who now, as they entered the willow-arched lane leading from the high-road, in moon-lit solitude, changed from her usual gay mood to one so sad that no chivalric heart, least of all the kind and manly heart of Harry Barton, could have been unmoved.

She spoke of the sorrows of her life, her lonely widowhood, and with such simple pathos dwelt upon her devotion to her little crippled boy, that Harry Barton pressed her hand and sighed audibly.

"Often," she said, "when I seem most gay, my heart is breaking. It is indeed; and I may say to you, whose life is so sunny, that you will hardly comprehend, perhaps, that sometimes—sometimes in the darkness I have been tempted to fly from life. If it were not for my boy—and I must be all to him—I have wished that I were dead. I am surrounded by flatterers, I know. But there is no one to really advise me, no one entirely to confide in, and to trust; at least no one that I—" And here Mrs. Rinaldo paused.

The pause gave space for consolation, and Harry Barton used the most gentle, cheering words he could, but they failed to remove the shadow from the pleading, saddened face. As they stood together silently a moment before saying "good-night," an expression crossed this clouded face that gave Harry Barton pain; swift, vague, and undefined, it awakened an emotion of repulsion, of dislike. But it is difficult for the generous heart to imagine guile, and the depreciative suggestion of distrust was banished as soon as it was formed. He said to her, with genuine tenderness, as they parted at the tardily opened door:

"Promise me that you will not brood over your sorrow to-night; go to the side of your little child, and try to sleep in trusting peace. I shall be wishing you 'happy dreams.' Promise me that you will try to banish gloomy thoughts, and have happy dreams to-night."

Once more the look he liked not crossed his companion's face, once more he banished vague distrust. And then they parted.

He decided to himself going home: "I have sung songs enough with this impulsive little woman. I fear she is unconsciously giving me her heart. I can not love her as a man should love a wife, and I will not trifle with her. I bid her good-by to-night."

He took up a dropped plan of months ago, said to his ever-indulgent uncle, "I have decided, Sir, to accept your proposition of a year abroad," and one week after the Friday evening walk sailed for Europe. People thought he had offered himself to Mrs. Rinaldo and had been refused, and the circle of admiration for her was intensified by this interesting belief.

Henry Barton studied while abroad every thing that could yield instruction suitable to the purpose of his life, the purpose for which he had been solely educated—the management and cultivation of the broad estate which would be his inheritance, and was already his delight. He intended that his farms should be models of fruit-raising and grain-bearing, and unrivalled in the quality of live stock. He made these his special considerations in travel, and every well-known feature of the broad domain that he had loved from boyhood became associated definitely with a careful plan.

But during the twelvemonth he spent in the Old World a great change befell his fortunes. His uncle married Mrs. Rinaldo, and soon afterward died, leaving to her and her child his whole fortune, with the exception of a few legacies to charities, and a yearly stipend to his nephew so inconsiderable that the remembrance had hardly an affectionate worth.

Harry Barton was on his way home when the tidings of his uncle's death and of his last will reached him. The effect upon his mind after the first shock of grief—for he had loved the old man as he would have loved a father—was that of bewildered apathy in the sudden loss of his youth's intent, mingled with a deep sense of injustice and treachery. He would not trust himself to go home, would not trust himself to go near the dear old place.

Was there ever such a pouring rain as fell upon the Nebraska plains that memorable mid-May night? "Pitchforks," "great guns," all the exaggerated symbols of aqueous descent, were tame to describe the torrent that, accompanied by most vivid lightning and crashing thunder, fell not in steely columns like liquid bayonets, but in massive shelves and sheets.

The "Overland Mail" was drenched. And as at midnight it neared the stopping-place where it had been due at sundown, and slowly approached the solitude's one sheltering ranch, the passengers, spell-bound with fear and desperate hope, kept such profound silence, one might think them an embassy of the dead. Not so when a sudden halt and a revelation by lightning flash of a log-cabin and corral and tree-arched court proclaimed arrival. Then cries and cheers arose to awake the slumbering host, who appeared presently with a lantern in his doorway, and was made to understand that some special burden would be given to his hands from the interior of the dripping coach. Two passengers descending from the box claimed hospitality, and being assured of welcome, immediately gave assistance in receiving from the wagon the well-wrapped charge committed to "Alger's care," and commended to tenderness by a sharp female voice and a chorus of guttural male voices, through which the clear words of a child rang audibly: "Yes, be kind to dear Miss Bessie, 'cause she's so good."

Then "good-by," and "good-by, my poor girl," and "good-by, dear, dear Miss Bessie," and the stalwart host of Alger's Ranch received his charge. The "overland mail," being corporal part of those great energies, time and tide, that wait for no man, rolled away into the storm and darkness, and the door of the solitude's cabin was closed.

Unwrapping his unresisting burden, the pater-

nal heart of Absalom Alger was moved with compassion when he saw, prostrate and fainting, a beautiful girl, delicate and innocent-looking as a lily. He listened to the explanations of her travelling companions, one of whom had himself set and bandaged the broken arm which caused the girl's faintness, and was the result of the overturning of the coach during the storm that day. Her history he knew already from the sharp-voiced lady: "A child's governess accompanying a family to California, and left now at Alger's, to await the arrival of friends who would follow the same route two weeks later, and who, as no doubt the girl's strength would be recovered by that time, could bring her the journey west with them.

Alger called his two daughters from their sleep and committed the girl to their care, while he conducted to the cabin's spacious loft the weary men. When the next morning at breakfast-time these weary men refreshed came down from the loft, they found themselves preceded from the same slumberous locality by other "mighty hunters," who, like themselves, made Alger's Ranch the centre of excursions into the vast plain, prolific at that season of game.

One of these lodgers, and the earliest to make his appearance, was a remarkably noble-looking young man, whose air of native refinement was of just that spirited sort which the hunting costume enhances. Jane Alger, the elder daughter of the house, met this "splendid fellow," who was no other than Harry Barton, with a peculiar expression of sly pleasure.

"I have some news to tell you," she said, as she followed him to the door-step, where he stood with his bright eyes peering into the blue aerial space, washed clean to brilliancy by the night's storm, and drew deep breaths of the free and vitalizing air.

"We have had a miraculous arrival," said she.

"Of what?" asked Harry Barton, somewhat abstractedly, but pleasantly too, for he had great respect for Miss Alger, under whose admirable housekeeping auspices and ministrations he had dwelt for three months.

"The prettiest woman you ever saw in your life," said Jane Alger, intently watching her auditor's face. She had a theory about this young man, and she fancied that her sentence would be the fitting key in the mysterious lock.

So it proved. Harry Barton's whole expression changed. His kindled eye lost brilliance at once, his heaving chest shrank; something like a sneer marred his frank lip.

"A miracle," he said, "that I detest."

"What do you detest?" asked Miss Jane.

"A pretty woman. Is she coming to breakfast? If so, please give me my coffee at once."

"Oh no; it will be some days before she comes to breakfast."

"Then all I can ask is," said Harry Barton, "that, as you care for my appetite, Miss Jane—and you have shown much kind consideration for it—do not withdraw your kindness; keep the 'miracle' out of my sight."

"Just as I thought," reflected Miss Jane, as she retired to the kitchen, with the gentle air of conscious success—"kill or cure."

Out of his sight the pretty woman was kept, but not out of his hearing; for so it happened that on the Sunday evening following he heard, *nolens volens*, the "miraculous arrival's" voice.

On the wild plains Sabbath service had hardly won a thought, and some of the hunters had even at morning made sallies out on the plain in search of antelope; but, as day declined, there came that indescribable calm which we associate with the day of rest, and at sundown all the members of the household were at the ranch. After supper the men lounged in attitudes of nonchalance or repose on the greensward that spread under the cottonwood-trees to the river-side before Alger's door.

There it was that the voice reached them—the voice of a girl singing, in fresh, sweet tones, a familiar hymn. As verse followed verse the men's talk ceased; a subdued and thoughtful air fell on all. As for Harry Barton, before the hymn was half through, he had shaded his eyes with his hand, and given himself to reverie.

By one of those coincidences that sometimes occur in the crises of men's lives, marking them with the "white stone" of fate's intent, the hymn—a grateful and trustful imploration of Heaven's help—was one that Harry Barton's mother had called her favorite. It brought back to him his boyhood's past, particularly one Sunday evening in his uncle's house, whither the mother in her widowhood, and in fatal decline of health, had brought her son and committed him to her brother's care. The whole scene passed before his shaded eyes—the open window, the lovely lawn, the summer sunset, the gentle figure in the arm-chair. He held, he remembered, his mother's hand while she sang the hymn, and she leaned forward and kissed his forehead at its close. All this and more revisited in the wilderness Harry Barton's thought, and wrought within him a strangely tender mood.

"Ask her to sing more," the men clamored; and as through the window, clear and distinct, the sweet voice sang the old, old hymns, voice after voice joined in. Such a Sabbath evening had not been for many a day, if ever, upon the wild Western plain.

This was Miss Bessie's introduction, and when, a few days afterward, she appeared, with her arm still in its sling, but herself quite strong enough to wander about the house and in the garden beside the river, she was welcomed and served with kind attentions by all. Harry Barton seemed to have forgotten his antipathy to pretty women, for no one was oftener by the side of Miss Bessie than this young man; and although he still accompanied the hunting parties, he spent more time in looking for rare wild flowers for her than in "chasing the wild deer and following the roe." He brought her every day, on his return from the chase, lavish bunches of crimson Indian pea, and sky-blue star-grass, and evening primroses, and golden sorrel; or clusters of prairie-roses, saffron and red and white; and even that lily, hard to find, the miniature water-lily, fragrant and perfect, the fairy lotus of the New World.

Many a talk they had, and Miss Alger, watching with great interest the progress of their amity, observed that the more they talked, the more they seemed to want to talk, and the more they were with each other, the more they wanted to be. Especially one moonlight evening, when Miss Alger saw the two figures strolling slowly in advance of a lounging group along the greensward by the river, she felt that they were talking heart to heart. And so they were.

"If I had your brave, bright spirit, Miss Bessie, I might yet do something in the world."

"And do you mean," she asked, with an incredulous little smile, "that you had ever contemplated doing *nothing* in the world?"

"Hardly that," he answered, seriously; "but I have no purpose, no plans. My chief motive is simply to kill time; and here in the hunting season one finds a chance to do that with some zest."

"But time is not like the other game you kill, is it?" said Bessie. "I imagine killed time is more like the genii in the fairy tale, that when slain rushed immediately to life again in new and formidable shapes."

Harry Barton listened thoughtfully, but made no reply to this.

"I wonder," she said, after a pause, "if the world looks half as beautiful to you as it does to me."

"No, I fear, not half. But it looks more beautiful to me since I have known you."

Bessie did not acknowledge this compliment by word or blush; perhaps, indeed, she heard it not. She was glancing away from her companion, her eyes turned slightly upward. He searched their expression with an ardor new to him, and the fancy that crossed his mind was not inspired by vanity or passionate hope, but by something akin to reverence. "Her eyes," he thought, "have a hymn in them."

Just as the Sabbath stillness came unbidden into the Western wild, unheralded by church bell, unattended by observant throngs, and poured the echoes of the old, old hymns into the air of the solitude, so into that nook of wilderness, unbidden, unheralded, unexpected, Love came.

When the people whom Bessie was to accompany westward reached Alger's Ranch, and fixed their departure for the next day, Bessie knew that she was going to leave there, in that strange place, the sweetest dream and experience of her life. How many times in the sleepless night she repeated to herself, more sorrowfully than she dared to know, "I am leaving the dearest and brightest spot of rest that will ever be in my life of loneliness and toil."

The morrow came. The travellers meeting at the early breakfast hastened to depart. The stage was at the door, and one after another took their seats. Bessie lingered; she had many parting words to give to the good Algers. At last she too entered the vehicle, already full, with the exception of one vacant place at Bessie's side.

Harry Barton had not been seen that morning. "Must I go," sighed poor Bessie, with a sad, sad sinking of the heart, "without even saying good-by?"

But at the last moment he appeared. Somewhat flushed and excited, he came quickly down from the doorway, and Bessie involuntarily bent forward and held over the wagon door her hand; he seemed hardly at first to think of taking it, but he did, and even with sudden impulse pressed it to his lips, as, with such a glow upon his radiant face as made the moment memorable to Bessie for evermore, "I am going with you," he said.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A REMARKABLE instance of the increase in the fisheries of a region, from agencies only indirectly those of man, has lately been brought to light on the coast of France. A vessel loaded with so-called Portuguese oysters was wrecked six or seven years ago on the sand-bar at the mouth of the river Gironde, and its contents were scattered in the water. They seemed to find it a suitable abode, as it has recently been ascertained that they have multiplied to an extraordinary degree. All the rocks along the coast for twenty four miles are covered with oysters, of which 60,000,000 were gathered in 1875, 80,000,000 in 1876, and 150,000,000 in 1877. Of these the green ones bring readily fifteen cents per dozen, by the wholesale, in Paris, while the white oysters from the same place are worth two or three times as much.

Among the various regions of exploration within the arctic circle the present year Greenland is not likely to be neglected, the Danish government having two scientific expeditions in the field. The younger STEENSTRUP, who has already spent five summers in Greenland, goes into the north part of that country, while Lieutenant JENSSEN, with several assistants, proceeds to South Greenland. Both researches are under the direction of a general commission consisting of Professor JOHNSTRUP, Dr. RINK, and Commander RAVEN.

If the weather should be favorable during the present year, it is also probable that the *Fylla*, a vessel of war, under Captain BRUCHWALD, will be dispatched to the waters to the north and northwest of Iceland to prosecute deep-sea measurements and investigations.

The expeditions to Siberia during the summer of 1878 prove to be quite numerous, several having started, in addition to that under Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, to which we have already referred. The steamer *Frazer*, under Captain NILSSON, left Gottenburg on the 14th of June for the Yenisei; also the iron steamer *Lena*, of 100 tons, which is to serve as a tender to Professor NORDENSKJÖLD's steamer *Vega*, and will accompany it to the mouth of the Lena, and afterward ascend the river.

A sailing vessel, the *Express*, of 306 tons, left London on the 6th of June, under Captain GUNDERSEN, also for the mouth of the Yenisei. This is loaded with coal for the *Lena* and the *Vega*, and with sixty tons of salt, and will bring back a cargo of grain from Siberia. The three vessels, the *Lena*, *Frazer*, and *Express*, are all fitted out by Herr SIBERIKOFF.

Baron KNOOP left in the end of June on the steamer *Louise*, accompanied by a tug-boat and three lighters, loaded with various goods, for the Yenisei, also to bring back grain in the autumn. It is probable, too, that a steamer will be sent out by a Hamburg merchant for the purpose of opening trade with the river Ob.

On the 1st of July was published the first number of a work, to be continued semi-monthly, which must be of great importance to the zoologist, under the name of the *Zoologischer Anzeiger*, by Professor CARRUS, and issued by ENGELMANN, of Leipsic. This will contain from time to time illustrations of all general works relating to zoology, whether monographs or memoirs and articles in transactions and periodicals; short notices of important new discoveries; information concerning museums, institutions, and private collections; biographical and other notices, and advertisements of microscopical and other apparatus especially required by the zoologist.

The fifth annual report by BEHM and WAGNER upon the population of the earth has just been published, for the present year. The estimate of the authors makes the whole number 1,439,000,000. The allotment for Europe of this sum is about 312,500,000; of Asia, 831,000,000; of Africa, 205,250,000; of Australia and Polynesia, 4,500,000; and of America, something over 86,000,000.

Mr. KYLE, in a recent article upon the chemical composition of the waters of the Paraná and Uruguay, refers to the latter stream as being perhaps the purest on the globe, as it contains less than four parts of solid matter to the 100,000, and as being almost entirely free from chlorides. Still more noteworthy, in his opinion, is the fact that about 46 per cent. consists of soluble silica, for the most part of hydrated silicic acid, not suspended as in other rivers. It is to this fact that the peculiar petrifying properties of the Uruguay are owing. On one occasion a cart-wheel was fished up from the river-bed completely turned into stone.

Mr. DU MORTIER, an eminent Belgian botanist, died at Tournai on the 9th of July, in the eighty-second year of his age. Of late years his position as an officer of the Belgian government enabled him to secure the establishment of a Botanic Garden in Brussels, and otherwise greatly to foster his favorite science.

The long-expected report of the Entomological Commission, appointed to investigate the ravages of the locust, has been published as one of the series of Dr. HAYDEN's survey, and constitutes a very important addition to the scientific and practical literature on this subject. Although it has been several years since there has been any serious damage caused by the Rocky Mountain locust, their enormous destructiveness when they do occur in abundance is such as seriously to threaten the prosperity of the States in which their ravages are prosecuted.

It was, therefore, a wise measure on the part of the government to provide for a commission of experts to investigate the subject. The problem could not have been put into better hands than those of Professor C. V. RILEY, now the entomologist of the Agricultural Department, Dr. A. S. PACKARD, Jun., of Salem, and Professor CYRUS THOMAS, of Carbondale. The present report professes to be for 1877, and posts the subject up to that date, being a stout volume of nearly 800 pages, and is accompanied by excellent engravings, representing the insect and its winged and other enemies in all stages of development and condition.

In addition to the descriptions of the species and its general natural history, various remedies and devices for its destruction are communicated, also notes on the influence of prairie fires on the increase of the locust, the influence of the weather on the species, the effects which generally follow severe locust injury, and the uses to which locusts may be put. There are also chapters on the ravages of other species of locusts in the United States, and on the ravages of locusts in other countries.

Congress at the last session provided for the continuation of the inquiry for the present year under the same commission, and it is to be hoped that, with the precautions indicated, it will be possible hereafter to materially ameliorate the destructive agency of the locust upon the crops.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Howard Association—a name linked with deeds of Christian charity—is a society permanently established to provide medical treatment, nurses, and provisions for sufferers from yellow fever. It was organized about twenty-five years ago at New Orleans, during the prevalence of this much-dreaded plague in that city. It took its name from John Howard, the famous English philanthropist, and branches of the association have been formed in all places peculiarly liable to the terrible visitations of the fever. Its members are true-hearted, whole-souled men, unknown as individuals, it may be, but pledged as an organization to unite their efforts to relieve those who are smitten down with disease, and often deserted in their hour of need by a panic-stricken community. During the ravages of yellow fever the present season, as in times past, the Howard Association has nobly done its best to alleviate suffering. The Peabody Subsistence Association, recently organized at New Orleans, is chiefly designed to supply food to the destitute. Numerous relief societies have been formed both at the South and at the North, for at this time of writing the fever still rages violently, with no prospect of cessation at present. The suffering resulting from disease and destitution in stricken Southern cities can not easily be described or even imagined.

The attention of the public has been called to several instances of accidental drowning which have recently occurred at Coney Island and other sea-side resorts. It seems astonishing that men should quietly drown in the very midst, as it were, of a crowd of bathers, and no one have any knowledge of the occurrence until too late to render help. An exchange quaintly remarks: "Bathers are not allowed to get drowned at the French sea-side resorts with that freedom which characterizes our own watering-places." For example, at Dieppe boatmen sit all day long in their boats in front of the Casino and watch the movements of the bathers in the surf. If any one ventures beyond the crowd near the shore, the boatman quietly plies his oar oceanward, keeping the swimmer within reach of his aid if it should be needed. "Baigneurs" accompany ladies and children into the water, and they also sit on the beach ready to plunge into the water if necessity demands. At night-fall various gates and barriers are put about the bathing grounds, which are patrolled by a soldier. "Positively no drowning is allowed."

September came in with a "heated term," and the crowds who were returning to city homes were greeted with a torrid blast. No doubt hundreds wished themselves back in some cool retreat—provided it *was* a cool retreat whence they came. Country quarters not unfrequently prove quite as hot and uncomfortable as city homes. But a change is wholesome, and vacations are necessary. Autumn heats are short, and our streets will soon look brisk and gay.

The repeal of the Bankruptcy Law went into effect at midnight on Saturday, August 31, having existed, with various amendments, over eleven years. The expected expiration of this law caused a multitude of embarrassed debtors to seek refuge behind its provisions during the last few days of its operations. The office where the applications are filed in this city was crowded, and during the last three days of August over six hundred petitions were submitted. By the repeal of the Federal Bankruptcy Act the adjustment of insolvent estates is remanded to the statutes of the different States.

When September opened, the daily reports of the ravages of the yellow fever were appalling, the death list showing a total of nearly two thousand. The Board of Health at New Orleans were of opinion that the epidemic was beyond human control, and must run its course. In the midst of the gloom of such a terrible scourge it is pleasant to see a whole nation aroused to sympathetic help. Cities and towns in all sections have contributed freely to the relief of the sick and suffering. At the beginning of this month the contributions of New York amounted to not far from $100,000. Many physicians and nurses offered their services; but while the services of those who have been acclimated or have had yellow fever experience were gladly received, the Howard Association deemed it unwise to encourage any to come from Northern latitudes, as such persons are extremely liable to contract the disease.

Hoedel, the assassin, intended to smoke a cigar with his last breath, but at the urgent solicitation of the chaplain who accompanied him to the scaffold he threw it away. When asked the day before his death if he wished to see his mother again, he replied, "No; her whining would be insupportable." These things show something of his character.

The tenants of Lord Rosebery were recently taken by surprise by his action, expressed in the following letter to the collector of rents on his estates:

"DALMENY PARK, *August* 13, 1878.

"DEAR MR. GLENDINNING,—As I understand you hold the rent-day this week, I wish you to announce to the tenants that I shall make a remission of ten per cent. on the rents due for last year. A succession of bad years, culminating in what was almost a famine year, constitute so exceptional a state of things that I feel compelled to disregard for once my conviction that such remissions are rarely equitable, and are wrong in principle. Yours truly, ROSEBERY."

This letter appears in the Edinburgh *Courant*. No one of the tenants had expressed any wish or expectation of having a reduction in rent.

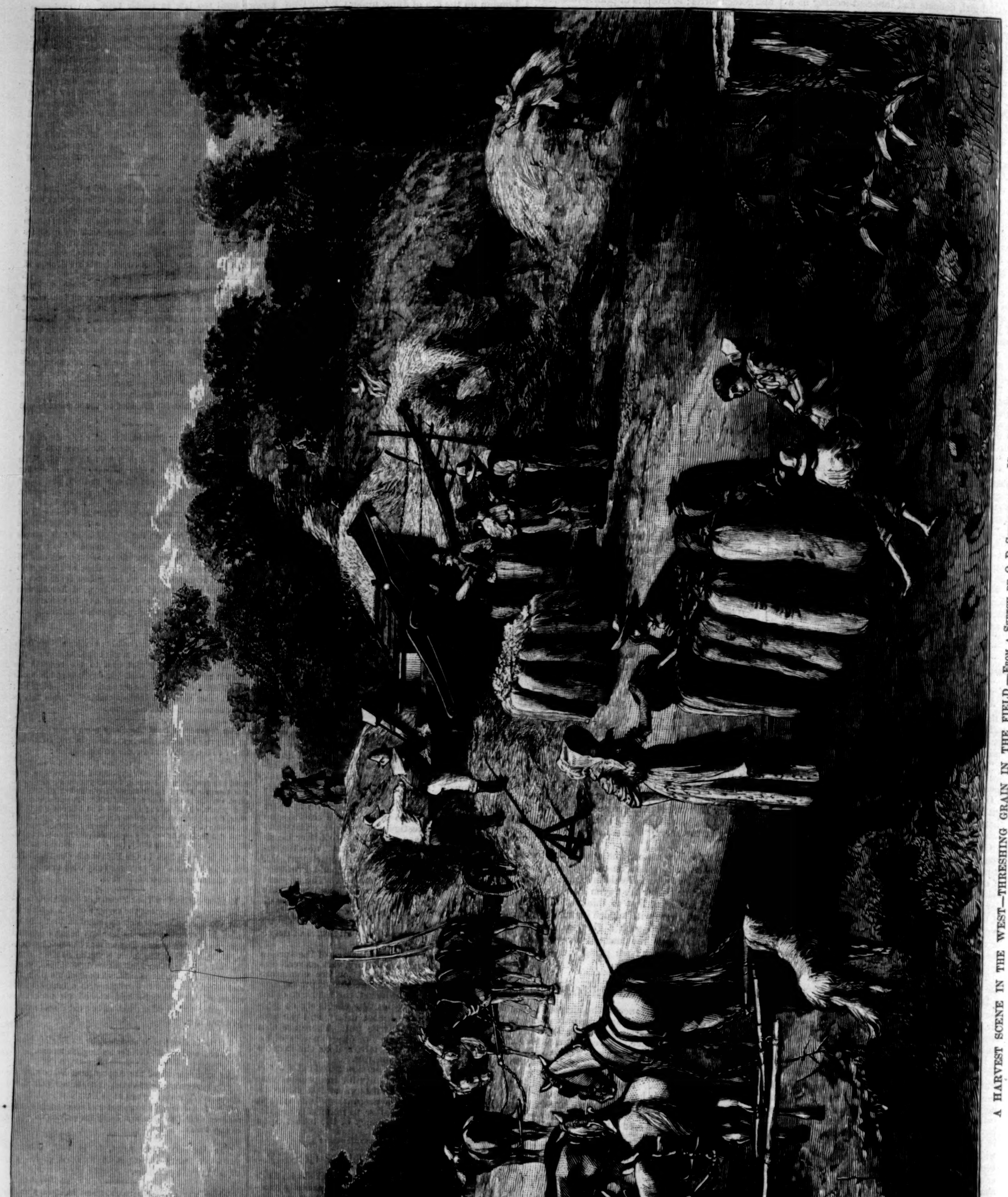
Readers of the New York *Times* will recall the graphic dispatches concerning the ravages of yellow fever in Grenada, Mississippi, which appeared in that journal when the horrors of that disease first began to spread over the devoted town. The writer of those dispatches, W. M. Redding, has fallen a victim to the plague. He died on September 1, after two days' illness. This brave young man, it is said, worked at his post day and night for over two weeks with a handkerchief saturated with carbolic acid around his neck as a preventive to infection; but at last the disease overpowered him.

Cyprus is about to be enriched by an English hotel, built at a cost of £60,000, for an English tenant.

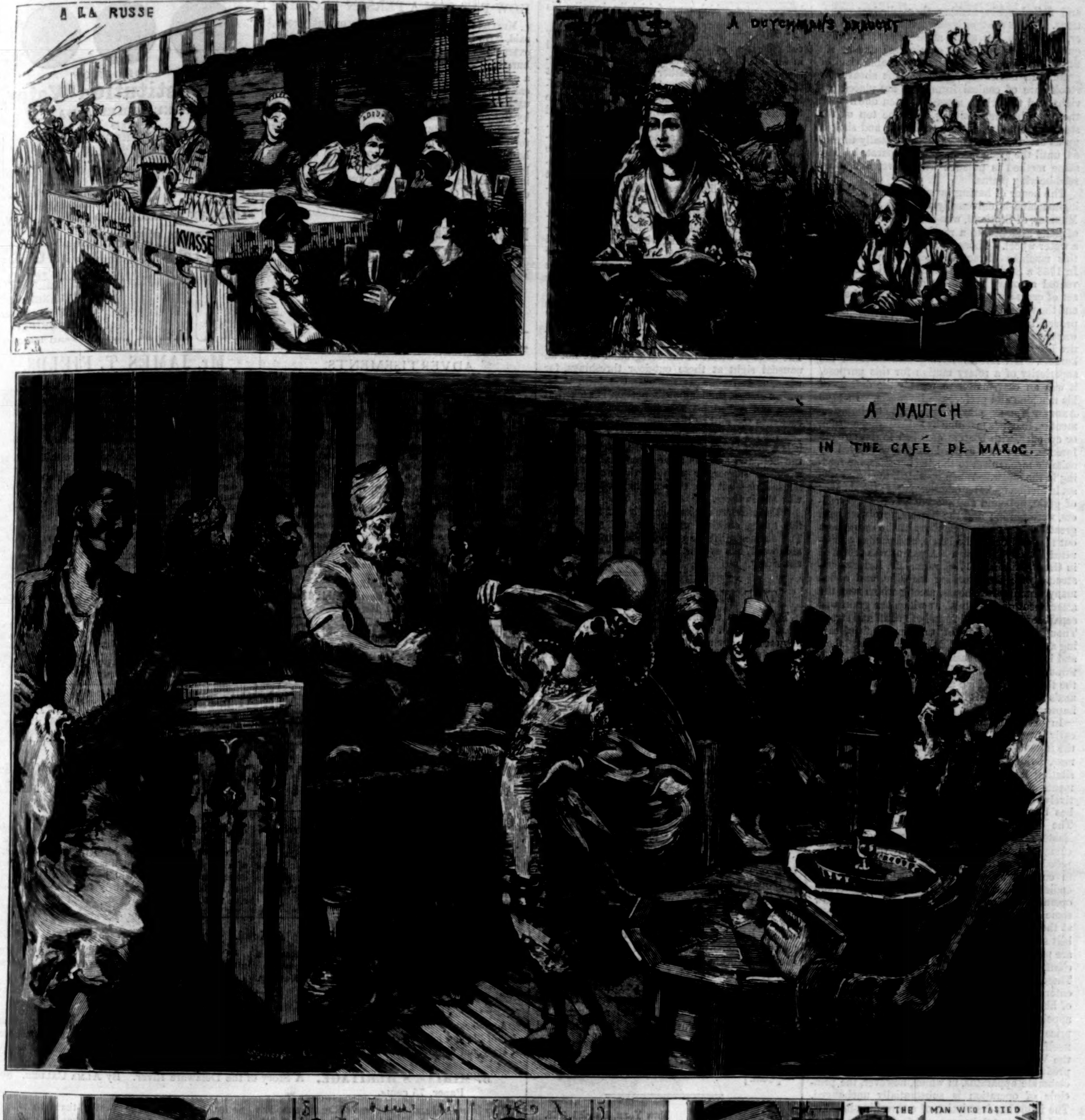
An examination of the Apprentices' Library, made during the summer, shows that it contains about 61,000 volumes. The new rooms at 18 East Sixteenth Street will be found most convenient and comfortable to its readers, over 7000 of whom enjoy the privileges of the library free of cost.

The Russian government, it is said, demands 15,000,000 francs for expenses incurred in keeping 67,000 Turkish prisoners.

When any epidemic rages, there is always much groundless alarm among some classes of persons. Precaution and care should not be confounded with alarm. Not long ago an account was published showing the result in a single instance of alarm and ignorance. A young Frenchwoman from New Orleans, accompanied by her nephew, was travelling north. The nephew fell from the train and was killed. Afterward the woman was quite ill, and it being thought that she had yellow fever, she was taken from the cars at Louisville and sent to the hospital. The physician declared it a serious case of yellow fever. She was treated with the most stringent remedies. Her clothing and baggage were fumigated, and there was great excitement over the matter. She was kept isolated in the hospital several days, and seemed to grow no better and no worse, except that her excitement increased and her ravings in French continued. The French consul was finally sent for, and after a few moments' conversation discovered that she was not sick, but perfectly well, except that she could not understand English, and was in a state of great nervous excitement over the accidental death of her nephew and the remarkable treatment she had received from what she supposed was a gang of bandits. Other physicians were called in, and corroborated the consul's statements, and she was released and sent on her way with her nephew's body.



A HARVEST SCENE IN THE WEST—THRESHING GRAIN IN THE FIELD.—From a Sketch by O. D. Steinberger.—[See Page 757.]



ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Exposition has drawn to Paris representatives from almost every part of the world, and the above sketches show some of the many curious and interesting scenes which the visitor may witness. There is, however, this drawback. Just as at our Centennial Exhibition a bright red fez sometimes magically transformed a son of Erin into a native of Turkey, the Parisian skill in making up is brought into such requisition that one never knows if he is looking at genuine Turks, Arabs, Russians, or only Frenchmen ingeniously disguised. It will not do to make particular inquiries; and here, as in many other cases,

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

THRESHING GRAIN IN THE FIELD.

The marvellous adaptation of machinery to farming purposes has wrought great changes in all departments of agriculture, but nowhere has greater progress been made than in the methods of threshing, or separating the grain from the straw or haulm. The threshing-floor of the ancients was a flat surface of ground, covered with clay, rolled smooth and hard. Sheaves of grain were spread evenly on this floor, and cattle driven over it until the grain was beaten out by the constant tramping upon it. The Egyptians usually muzzled the ox while threshing, and the Greeks, according to Ælian, had a filthy practice of besmearing the mouths of the animals with dung to prevent their eating the grain. Another ancient method still in use in the Orient, but probably nowhere else, is that of drawing a sled back and forth over the unthreshed straw.

The flail, which is still in use among small farmers, is a very primitive invention. This implement consists of a staff wielded by the thresher, and having at one end a swingel, shorter, thicker, and heavier than the staff, with which it is connected by a flexible thong. In threshing grain with straight straw, such as oats, wheat, barley, etc., the sheaves are laid in double rows, with their heads turned inward and slightly overlapping. The thresher first threshes down the middle, beating out the heads. The bands upon the sheaves are then broken, and the whole is uniformly again threshed over. It is then turned

and flailed again, making three distinct operations. If the weather is damp, the straw is tougher, and holds the grain more firmly; and frequently the farmer will go through five or six threshings before arriving at a suitable yield of grain. In buckwheat, in which the sheaves or stooks are of conical form, they are placed upright, and the whole mass is beaten down upon the floor by first striking upon the top of the stooks, the straw being turned over and shaken up as often as is required, and repeatedly threshed, until the grain is completely separated. The same method is pursued with clover and other seed-bearing plants.

The honor of having invented the first threshing-machine is universally accorded to Michael Menzies, of Scotland, who made use of a number of flails attached to a revolving shaft driven by a water-wheel. Though unsuccessful in practice, this machine attracted considerable attention. In 1758 a Stirlingshire farmer named Leckie invented a rotary machine, which consisted of a set of cross-arms attached to a horizontal shaft, and the whole inclosed in a cylindrical case. This proved tolerably efficient in threshing oats, but was not adapted to wheat, as it knocked off the entire heads from the straw without separating the kernels. Mr. Leckie having demonstrated the superiority of a rotary motion for this purpose, it was an easy matter to remedy the defects of his machine and perfect the invention. In 1786 Andrew Meikle, a Scotchman, made an improvement on Leckie's machine by substituting a drum, or cylinder, with beaters attached to the circumference. He also applied rollers, connected by suitable mechanism to the driving gear, for feeding in the straw. When operated, the drum was set in motion by water or other power; the sheaves of grain, unbound and placed between the rollers, were fed in; and the beaters, revolving with great velocity on the periphery of the drum, beat out the grain from the heads, and partially separated it from the straw. A patent was procured in Great Britain in 1788, when Mr. Meikle constructed the first working machine, and added many new improvements, among which was the attachment of a fan mill, by which the grain was separated and cleaned from both chaff and straw. Though an invention of vast importance, saving annually millions of dollars in manual labor, and immensely increasing the product of grain throughout the civilized world, the simplicity of the threshing-machine and the perfection of Meikle's inventions left little room for great modern improvements.

In our own country threshing-machines were early invented; but for the reason that most of the farms were those newly cleared in the wilderness, divided into small fields, and almost necessitating hand labor in all the different departments of agriculture, it is only within a comparatively recent period that this class of machinery has been brought to any degree of perfection. The ordinary threshing-machine in use in the Eastern States comprises a railroad horse-power, commonly for two horses, and a thresher composed essentially of the toothed cylinder acting in conjunction with the toothed concave. An endless shaker, formed with transverse wires, and operated like an endless belt, conveys the straw some distance in the rear of the thresher, while at the same time a vibrating motion given to the belt shakes out the chaff and grain. These latter are passed to a fanning-mill, which separates the chaff, small seeds, etc., from the winnowed grain. These machines are commonly owned by some enterprising farmer, who, aside from the threshing of his own grain, journeys from farm to farm by appointment and threshes either for a stated cash price per bushel or for a percentage of the grain itself, commonly one-tenth. The large farms of the West and the immense quantities of grain produced have called into existence far more elaborate apparatus, in which, however, the principle of operation is substantially unchanged. The following description of a threshing-machine such as is used in our prairie States is drawn from the writings of an author who has made a special study of agricultural machinery: "The threshing cylinder is made of skeleton form, having cast-iron heads, and the central annular brace of the same material; wrought-iron bars are arranged on these parts, and form the circumferential parts of the cylinder, being held in position by the external wrought-iron rings. The bars carry the teeth, the shanks of which pass through holes in the bars, and are held by nuts firmly screwed upon their inner ends. The uniformity in shape and size of the teeth arises from their being made by machinery properly shaped in dies under a drop-hammer. The concave is of cast iron, with slots in it which allow the grain to pass through, and thus separate from the straw at the earliest possible stage of the threshing operation. The straw as it leaves the cylinder is flung back over several transverse series of inclined rods, which permit whatever grain may yet remain in the straw to drop upon a laterally vibrating shaker arranged below at a slight angle to the horizontal, and serving to conduct the grain to the fan mill, the rotating fan of the latter being placed under the centre of the threshing cylinder, and securing far greater compactness of structure than was formerly obtained."

In many of our Western States the peculiar dryness of the atmosphere facilitates not only the threshing but the reaping of grain. The standing grain, instead of crinkling down when ripe, as is the case in the Eastern States, stands straight for many weeks, and this without the shaking out of the kernels incident to ripe grain in other portions of the country. It is, however, dry enough to thresh immediately, and usually the threshing is carried on in the open field, the machine being frequently driven by steam. It is a threshing scene in one of the great grain fields of the West that has furnished our artist with materials for the beautiful engraving on page 756, and to him we are also indebted for the following notes, which most faithfully describe his picture:

"We have here presented a farm scene very common in the West. The picture was sketched in Central Ohio. In this region the farmers frequently, when the weather looks favorable, let their grain stand in the shocks, and, when sufficiently dry, thresh it in the field. This saves the trouble of stacking or hauling to the barns, and secures for the grain a better price in the markets.

"At these threshings some twenty men are required, and when a steamer is not used, about the same number of horses, besides an indefinite number of children, who carry water and are 'kept lively' at other light work. The men are variously employed as feeders, band-cutters, drivers, haulers, sackers, straw-draggers, stackers, etc. Neighbors usually help each other, and have generally, in spite of the dust, what Westerners call a 'jolly good time.' The women are kept busy in the preparation of the meals, for all hands are boarded, and it is a point to have the bell ring or the horn blow exactly on time.

"In the picture the reader will observe that the wheat is undergoing an inspection by the 'boss' and a neighbor who is returning from a 'gunning' with a squirrel for some invalid at home. The bags of wheat in the foreground are not an unusual sight at these out-door threshings, for when, as is frequently the case, the farm is let out on shares, the landlord's portion is sacked at once, and sometimes also the renter's, and both carted to the mill or the warehouse or dépôt.

"Why is that young woman there? It may be it is a long distance to the house, out of reach of the bell, and she has come to call 'all hands' to a sunset supper, or perhaps the water keg is needed, or—but the reader can probably guess why she is there.

"The children are having their own fun behind the sacks, sucking water through straws, etc. The farmer's life has much hard and disagreeable work, but even at the worst it has its pleasant side."

THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.

Those who are at all familiar with our seacoast will recall many a scene similar to the one depicted by our artist on page 748. Old hulks thrown by the waves high up on the strand are frequently taken possession of by fishermen and converted into very snug and picturesque dwellings, where they live during the summer months while they are occupied in fishing. Readers of Dickens will remember the description, in *David Copperfield*, of Mr. Peggotty's home on the seashore. The old hulk in our picture is a condemned canal-boat, that had floated down New York Bay and stranded a little way below Sandy Hook. The action of the tide has heaped up the sand around the boat, and fixed it securely in its position.

POMPEII.

Excavations at Pompeii prove the city to have been one of the most fashionable and beautiful of Roman summer resorts, and but for the *eruption* it might have remained so to this day. As with Pompeii, so with thousands of people who have beauty of form and feature. They might always be admired but for the *eruption*, that makes the face unsightly and betrays the presence of scrofula, virulent blood poisons, or general debility. There is but one remedy that positively cures these affections, and that remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best known tonic, alterative, and resolvent. It speedily cures pimples, blotches, liver spots, and all diseases arising from impoverished or impure blood. It also cures dyspepsia, and regulates the liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

New York, *March* 1, 1878.

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Mirabeau, alluding to a very corpulent person, said, "He has only been created to show to what extent the human skin would stretch without bursting." Then, corpulence was *believed* to be a *natural condition*; now, it is *known* to be a disease. Hundreds who had considered themselves useless for life, by reason of too much fat, have, by the use of Allan's Anti-Fat, been reduced to a healthy and natural size. This great remedy for corpulence is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. It cures indigestion and tones up the system. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

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If teeth are white and beautiful,
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If they're discolored in the least,
  It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
  Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
  Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

—[*Com.*]

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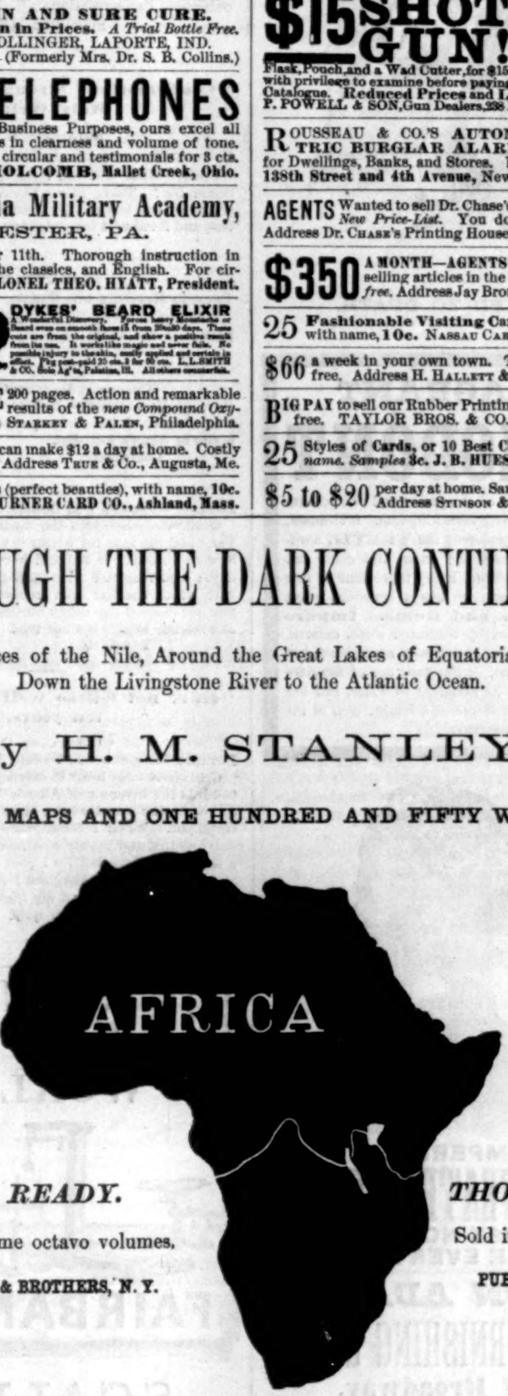

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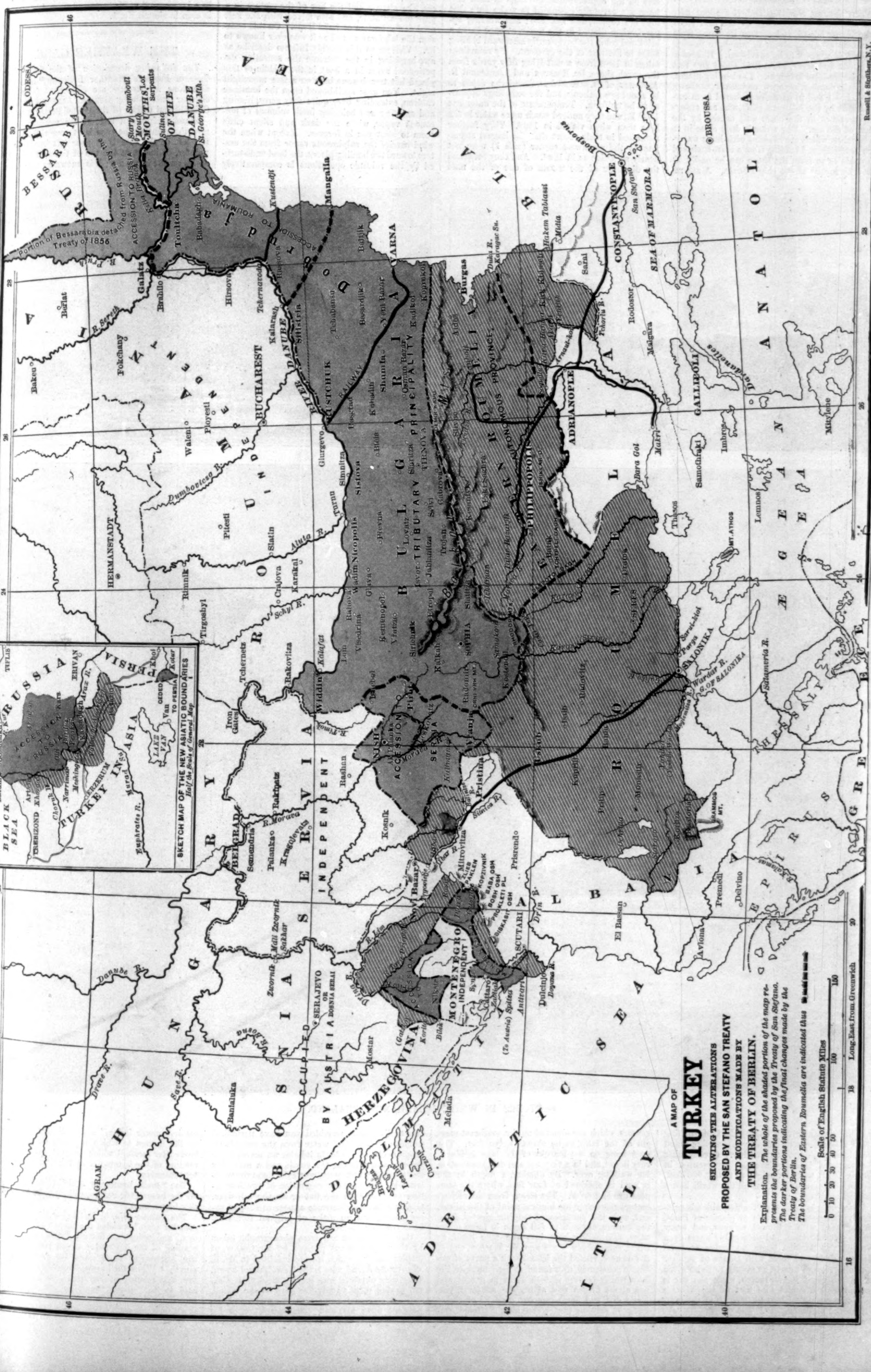


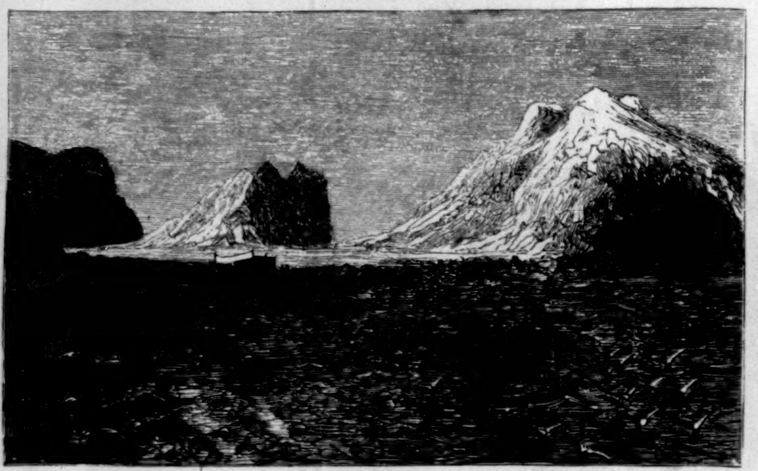
THE RECENT CHANGES IN THE MAP OF TURKEY.—[SEE PAGE 764.]

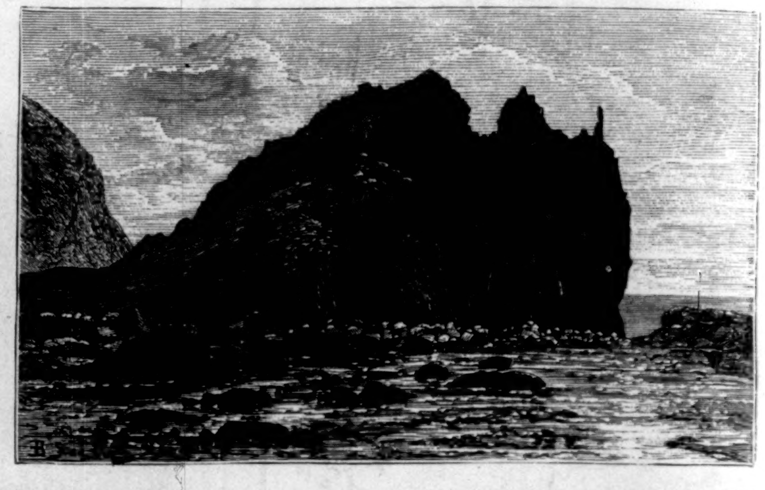
SKETCHES IN WHITE ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

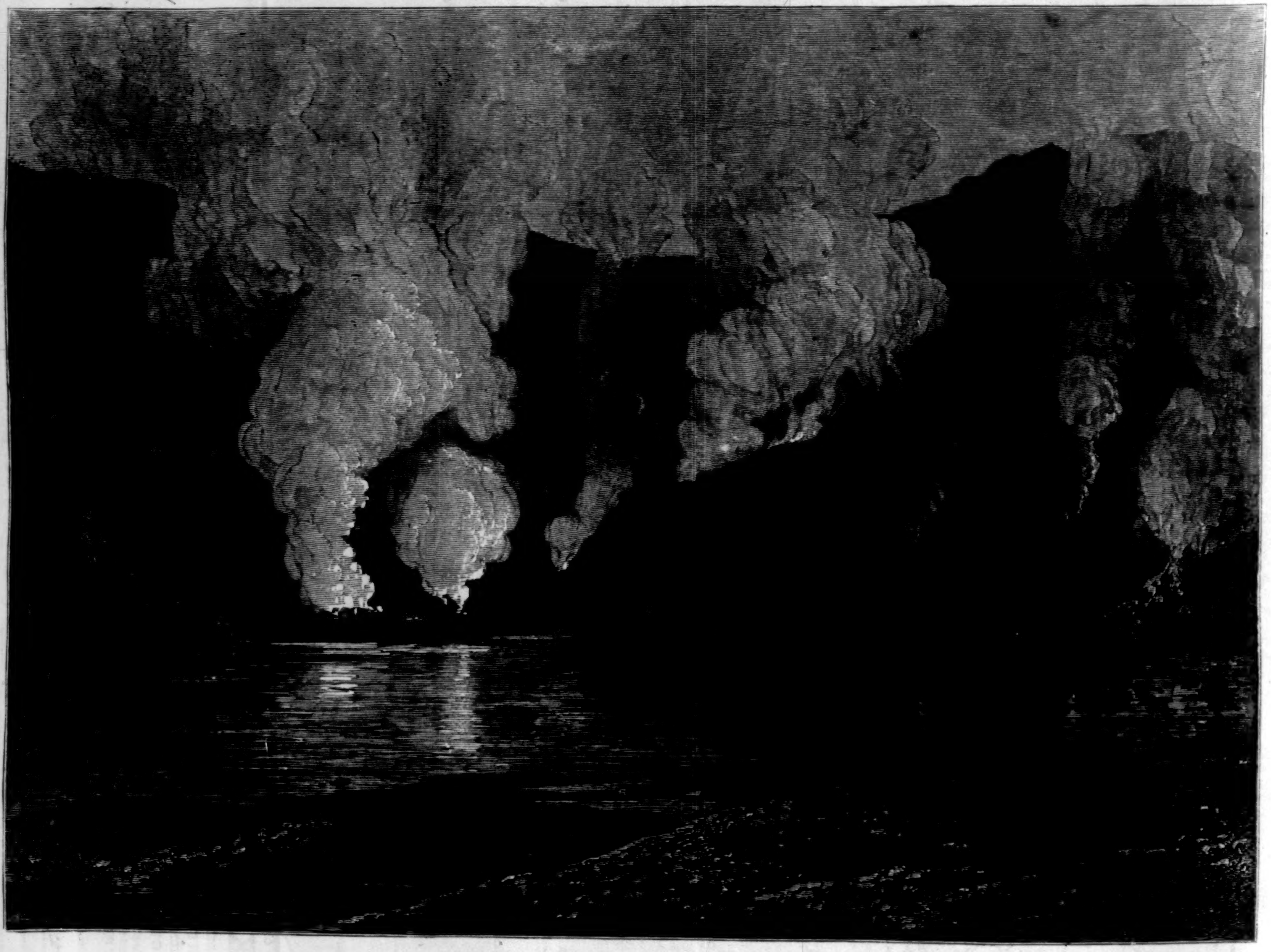
WHITE ISLAND, New Zealand, lies about fifty miles southeast of Gauranga, on the east coast of the North Island, and derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which, to passing mariners, it appears to be enveloped. Its area is only about 600 acres, while it is about 880 feet above the sea-level in height. The landing-places, only two in number, are open roadsteads (as shown in sketches 1 and 2) partially sheltered from certain winds by the adjacent cliffs, and are apparently breaches in the outer wall caused by the action of the sea. The water is deep close in to the beaches, which are studded with huge water-worn bowlders, and landing from a craft anchored 100 yards or so from the shore can be easily effected by means of the ship's boats. A steamer, being comparatively independent of shifting winds, would find little difficulty in steaming round the island in almost any weather. Overhanging the southern landing-place (as represented in sketch No. 2), and at a height of nearly 900 feet, stands a column of rock for all the world like a sentinel on guard.

Proceeding inland across the flat, which is principally composed of gypsum or plaster of Paris, impregnated with sublimed sulphur, and every where soft like sand, and perceptibly warm even through the thickest boots, we arrive at Lake Hope (*vide* 1), and meet with fumes of sulphur not quite, though nearly, as strong as those given off by a lighted lucifer-match, while the ear is greeted with a sound like that of the Niagara Falls or the simultaneous blowing off of steam by a thousand steam-engines. The water of the lake is of a pale green hue, and is strongly impregnated with muriatic acid. In fact, when boats are used for the purpose of reaching the active geysers on the opposite side, the nails in their bottoms are carefully examined to make sure that they are copper, and not iron; and wearing apparel, when dipped in the water, at once turns a brick-red color, the part shortly afterward bidding adieu to the rest of the garment. By soundings taken in 1868 from a raft lying fifty yards from the south shore, Dr. ROLSTON and Lieutenant R. A. EDWIN, of H.M.S. *Falcon*, found the depth to be about two fathoms, and the soundings appeared to be uniform. Temperature of the water was 110° F., and they noticed much more water in the lake than when visited in 1866. They further remarked in their report that the largest steam-jets at the northwest corner (*vide* 1) were not nearly so active as in 1866. And they reckoned the diameter of the mouth of one of the mud geysers, which are situated on the southeast margin of the lake, to be about twelve feet. The mud lying on the margin of the lake is black, very liquid, and in a very hot and dangerous state for walking over. By digging, a depth in the ground is obtained of four feet, where the temperature is 200° F. The steam from the various craters rises over the highest point of the island, and, with the particles of sulphur ejected from the craters, appears to fall again in large quantities, like yellow soot, into the lake itself, as when, some seven years ago, Mr. WILSON, one of the owners, visited the island with a party of scientific gentlemen, they found, to their surprise, the lake, which is over sixteen acres in extent, and lies about fifteen feet above the sea-level, perfectly dry, and large compact deposits of eighty per cent. sulphur twelve feet high scattered over the bottom. A few months since Messrs. WILSON & TROUP, the owners, made another visit, for the purpose of arranging for shipping the deposits of sulphur, which lay over the flat in horizontal layers, like slate, round the lips of the craters, in a pure molten state, and also mixed with the soft mud at the bottom of Lake Hope. On this occasion the lake was as full as it was ever known to be. Visitors to this earthly Inferno describe as awe-inspiring in the extreme the sensation experienced when in a boat in the middle of this placid but treacherous lake on a fine moonlight night. You gaze spell-bound upon the immense caldron, extending over quite fifty acres, hissing and snorting and belching forth volumes of poisonous vapor, while the dark and silent cliffs seem to shut you in forever. Except when the wind carries the sulphurous vapor from the craters toward the landing-places, the land undisturbed by the volcanic operations is comparatively safe to live upon, provided you have periodical supplies of food and water from the main-land. Large flocks of sea-birds inhabit an inaccessible green plateau facing the south, and a little flax and stunted potukawan-trees exist upon the western side. No weeds or vegetation of any description are found on the flat or on the hill-sides. Gypsum and conglomerate appear to abound every where, and no rocks of original formation have yet been discovered.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken by the instantaneous process by Mr. COLLIE, of Napier, and for which we are indebted to Mr. E. WAYTE, Auckland, who is the New Zealand agent. They were obtained with great difficulty, Mr. COLLIE having spent twenty-five days on the island, without communicating with the main-land, dependent upon his own commissariat even for drinking-water, and exposed to the sulphurous fumes emitted from the craters. The "camp" of the plucky artist, consisting of a bell tent protected from the sea-breezes and fine pumice-stone by a break-wind of his traps and some drift-wood, is seen in sketch No. 1.







SKETCHES IN WHITE ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

THE WEATHER CASE.

THE following description of the "Weather Case, or Farmers' Weather Indicator," and the directions for its use, are condensed from the circular sent out by General ALBERT J. MYER, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army:

Stand facing, and look at the weather case: now the right of the case is at your right hand, the left of the case is at your left hand. The pointer, or index, at the top of the case (No. 1), slides on the brass arc; it is known as the "sunset barometer index," and indicates, when set, by the figures to which it points on the "main barometer scale," which is just below it, the reading of the barometer at the time of the sunset yesterday.

The "main barometer scale" (No. 2) exhibits all the barometric readings likely to be used with this instrument.

The pointer (No. 3) just below the "main barometer scale" is called the "mean barometer index," and indicates, when set, the mean or average reading of the barometer at the place at which the instrument is set, and for each separate month. When the barometer reads above or below this reading at any place, such reading is said to be "above the mean" or "below the mean" for that place in that month. This index is set once for each month in the year.

When the barometer pointers go toward the

right from this mean or average reading, the barometer is said to be "rising." When the barometer pointers go toward the left from the mean or average reading, the barometer is said to be "falling." The mean barometer reading for each district for each month is stated in the Farmers' Bulletin, or can be had by application at the United States Signal Office.

The long brass hand over the glass face of the barometer is known as the "long pointer," and indicates, by the figures of the "main barometer scale" to which it points when set, the reading of the barometer when last set.

The black pointer on the face of the barometer under the glass face is known as the "short pointer," and indicates the existing pressure of the atmosphere at any time the instrument may be examined.

TO READ THE BAROMETER.

If the observer stands facing the barometer, the "short pointer" (black) moves toward the right as the pressure of the atmosphere (or weight of the air) increases, and to the left as the pressure of the atmosphere (or weight of the air) diminishes. The "long pointer" (brass) should be moved by the turning screw so as to coincide with, or exactly cover, the "short pointer" (black). The barometer is now set for reading, and the "barometer reading" is found by reading from the left to right on the "main barometer scale," from the lowest figures (or readings) on that scale to that exact division or mark upon that scale to which the "long pointer" points, or which it covers. The inches and hundredths of inches are marked on the scale. The inches and hundredths are counted from left to right, or in the same direction as the hands of a watch move, and they are counted in the same way as the hours and minutes on a watch face are counted. The inches and hundredths are written down, if they are to be written, in the same manner as dollars and cents are written, thus: one dollar and seventy-five cents, that is, one dollar and seventy-five hundredths of a dollar would be written $1.75, or one and seventy-five hundredths; $29.35, twenty-nine dollars and thirty-five hundredths. The "long pointer" pointing on the "main barometer scale" to twenty-nine inches and thirty-five hundredths, the barometer-reading would be twenty-nine inches and thirty-five hundredths of an inch, and would be written "29.35 inches," and so for other readings.

RAIN WINDS AND DRY WINDS.

There are for each place and for each month two kinds of winds:

First, winds which, blowing from certain directions, are at that place and in that month more likely than any other winds to be followed by rain. These are called "rain winds." Second, winds which, blowing from certain directions, are at that place and in that month less likely than other winds to be followed by rain. These are called "dry winds."

The "rain winds" and the "dry winds" for each district and for each month are stated in the Farmers' Bulletin, or can be had by application as above.

The wind direction for any day or time must be seen and taken at each place or station by a vane as well located as practicable.

The "wind disk" (No. 8) consists of a brass circle, on which slide freely two arcs—a red arc, called the "dry wind arc" (No. 9), and a blue arc, called the "rain wind arc" (No. 11). In the centre of the disk is a pointer, turning with a turning screw, and called the "wind-disk pointer" (No. 10). Around the disk are letters to show directions, as N. for north, E. for east, NE. for northeast, etc.

The wind disk is made ready for use as follows: If, for instance, the Farmers' Bulletin or other report states that for any district or place, and for any month, "winds blowing from south or east, or from directions between those points, are found to be the winds most likely to be followed by rain, winds blowing from north or west, or from directions between those points, are found to be the winds least likely to be followed by rain," or, in other words, "winds blowing from east or south, or from directions between those points, are rain winds, winds blowing from north or west, or from directions between those points, are dry winds;" then, if the instrument is to be used in that month and in that district or place, the rain-wind arc, No. 11 (the blue), is moved on the brass circle until one end of the arc is at the letter E., which stands for "east," and the other is at the letter S., which stands for "south;" the dry-wind arc, No. 9 (the red), is moved on the circle until one end of that arc is at the letter N., which stands for "north," and the other is at the letter W., which stands for "west." The arcs remain as they are thus placed for the whole of the month.

At the beginning of the next month the rain-wind direction and dry-wind direction must be located for that month, and the arcs must be again moved on the circle in the same manner until the rain-wind arc and the dry-wind arc touch respectively with their ends the letters for the points named for the rain winds and the dry winds for that month. The arcs then remain so placed for that month—so for each month of the year.

Now when the wind disk is thus ready, and on any day, the weather case is to be used. (1) The direction in which the wind is blowing is seen by a vane. It is noticed from what direction the wind is blowing, as from the north, south, east, etc. (2) The wind-disk pointer (No. 10) is moved by the turning screw to point to the compass letters on the disk, or between them, showing as nearly as practicable by those letters the same direction, *i. e.*, that *from* which the wind is blowing when observed. If this pointer, so set, points at either of the ends of either arc, or any part of either arc, it shows, if it so points at the *red* arc, that the wind is at that time in the *dry*-wind direction, or is a *dry* wind; if it so points at the *blue* arc, that the wind is at that time in the *rain*-wind direction, or is a *rain* wind.

The hour is noted by a clock or watch, and the time at which a rain wind or a dry wind commenced to blow or was first noticed is written down.

It must be also noticed if the wind shifts, as from blowing from a rain direction to blowing from a dry direction, or is blowing from such direction as not to be within either arc.

The length of time for which the wind has blown continuously from a rain direction or a dry direction is of importance, to be considered with other local signs and indications.

The pointer and scale (No. 5) on the right of and below the barometer are called the dry-wind time record, and the pointer (No. 7) is called the "record pointer," and indicates, when set, the length of time the wind has been blowing continuously from a "dry" direction by the figures showing the number of hours on the scale to which it points.

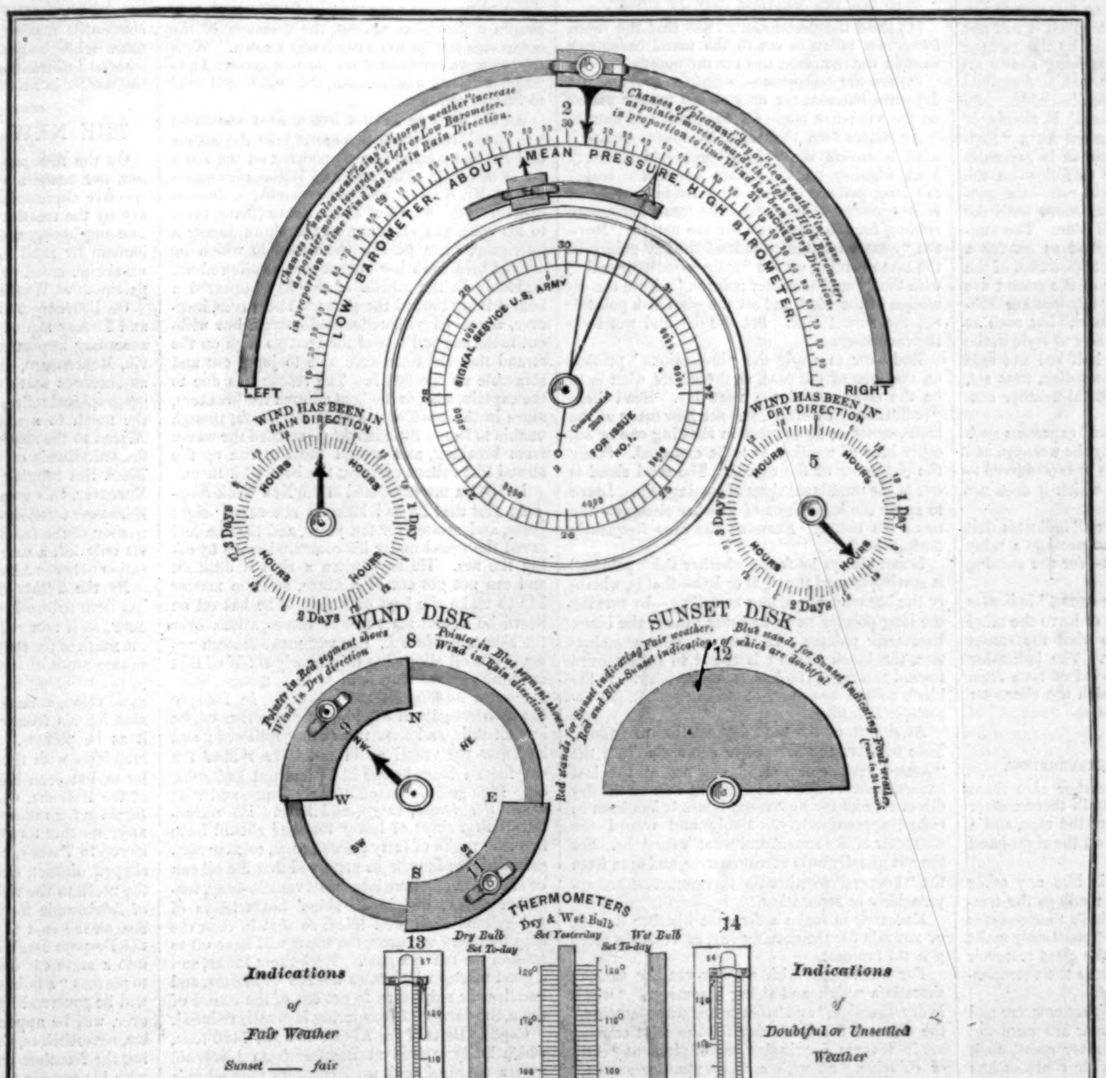
The pointer and scale (No. 4) on the left of and below the barometer are called the rain-wind time record, and the record pointer (No. 6) indicates, when set, the length of time the wind has been blowing continuously from a "rain" direction by the figures showing the number of hours on the scale to which it points.

The record pointer on the rain-wind time record (No. 6) is always turned by the thumb-screw, and set pointing at the figure 0 on the scale when the wind is not blowing in the rain-wind direction. In the same way the "record pointer" on the dry-wind time record (No. 7) is always set pointing at the figure 0 when the wind is not blowing in the dry direction.

When in actual use, the hour at which the wind-disk pointer has been set is carefully noted. When the weather case is next examined, the wind vane is again noticed, and the wind-disk pointer again examined or adjusted. If it still continues to point at any part of the same arc as before, the number of hours which have elapsed since the last setting, and during which the wind-disk pointer has been so pointing, is noticed, and the record pointer on either the rain-wind time record or dry-wind time record is turned to show *the number of hours* the wind has been thus noticed as blowing from the *rain* direction or from the *dry* direction, as the case may be. This proceeding is repeated every time the instrument is set. It can thus be seen at a glance whether the wind is, or not, blowing in a rain-wind or a dry-wind direction, and for how long it has been so blowing. Whenever, on noticing the wind vane, it is seen that the wind has shifted, the wind-disk pointer is set accordingly. If it now points at neither arc, or points to the different arc from that at which it pointed at its last setting, the time-record pointer on the rain-wind time record, or dry-wind time record (whichever may have been in use at the last setting), is turned to point at the figure 0 (zero).

The wind-disk pointer and the time-record pointer ought to be set thrice daily, at least—early in the morning, at noon, and at sunset.

The sunset disk (No. 12) consists of a circular disk, one-half of which is colored red and one-half of which is colored blue. The disk turns



THE WEATHER CASE, OR FARMERS' WEATHER INDICATOR.